

# NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

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## Contents

**Cover Design:** The Emery homestead in Newburyport, Massachusetts, which was built in 1646 by John Emery upon land granted him in return for which he was to grind the town's corn for one year. Although additions have been made to the house from time to time, it is essentially the same today as it was when first built. Members of the family still reside there. See article, page 11.

### EDITORIAL

If I Could Talk to You . . . . .	Sarah Corbin Robert . . . . .	Page 2
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### FEATURE ARTICLES

Signers Who Did Not Sign . . . . .	Mabel Ansley Murphy . . . . .	5
"Second Only to the First". . . . .	Elinor Emery Pollard . . . . .	11
A Letter to Congress . . . . .	. . . . .	14
Letter Sent from Ohio . . . . .	. . . . .	15
Gallipolis—Ohio . . . . .	Catherine Cate Coblenz . . . . .	16
Leaves From an Old Ledger . . . . .	Helen H. Lawton . . . . .	22
The Spirit of the Hand-made, XXII. Embroidery on Paper . . . . .	Susan Morton . . . . .	24
Unbending Grace . . . . .	Annette Cowling . . . . .	28
Around the Calendar with Famous Americans— XI. David Glasgow Farragut . . . . .	Louise Hartley . . . . .	34
The Edmund Terrell Tragedy . . . . .	"Perc" Turner . . . . .	36
County Seat Wars in Martin County, Indiana . . . . .	"Perc" Turner . . . . .	37
A Dream Come True . . . . .	Margaret L. G. Rupp . . . . .	38
La Croase The Beautiful . . . . .	Geneve Caldwell . . . . .	39
The Little Cathedral . . . . .	Jeannette Hegeman . . . . .	40
The Lady Blanche House . . . . .	Ursula Noyes Brooks . . . . .	45
Old Fort Wilkison . . . . .	Grace Cabot Toler . . . . .	46

### FICTION

One More Mountain . . . . .	Cecil Cobb Wesley . . . . .	29
She Rode For Liberty . . . . .	Mabel Ansley Murphy . . . . .	42

### VERSE

Liberty Garden . . . . .	Betty Elise Davis . . . . .	13
Earth Love . . . . .	Mabel Meadows Staats . . . . .	21
The Old Home Place . . . . .	Emma Mayhew Whiting . . . . .	21
Sale . . . . .	Eleanor Alletta Chaffee . . . . .	21
Recessional for America . . . . .	Florence Burrill Jacobs . . . . .	69
Grandfather's Eyes . . . . .	Theodora Bates Cogswell . . . . .	71

### REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

Genealogical . . . . .	. . . . .	48
Parliamentary Procedure . . . . .	. . . . .	58
On the American Bookshelf . . . . .	. . . . .	60
Committee Reports . . . . .	. . . . .	63
News Items . . . . .	. . . . .	66
State Conferences . . . . .	. . . . .	69
Junior Membership . . . . .	. . . . .	70

### OFFICIAL

Minutes, National Board of Management: . . . . .	. . . . .	74
Special Meeting, June 6, 1940 . . . . .	. . . . .	75
National Board of Management . . . . .	. . . . .	77
Approved Schools . . . . .	. . . . .	78
National Committee Chairmen . . . . .	. . . . .	78
Children of the American Revolution . . . . .	. . . . .	78

### Issued By

#### THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

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# IF I COULD TALK TO YOU

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

*President General, N. S. D. A. R.*

AS tension and uncertainty in world affairs increase, a growing number of groups or associations are being formed to aid in checking menaces to institutions. Announcements of such organizations come to our office each week. Accompanying letters explain ways of cooperation. Some suggest that surely, in times such as these, the Daughters of the American Revolution will be interested in the movement. Occasionally one urges that we "do something." The fact is that for years our Society has been doing something. If others had listened, or been equally alert, the present situation might be less serious.

Within a few hours of the time when these lines are written, I read, in an eastern newspaper, an editorial entitled, "The Awakening." Among its thoughts is this: "But now there are signs of an awakening from the stupor of the past. . . . The lesson that France has learned at the price of so much blood, misery and sacrifice, is one that, sooner or later, we must learn ourselves." Those who regularly read these columns will recollect that more than a year ago I gave the title, "The Awakening," to an editorial published in this Magazine. It was in accordance with the long established policy of this Society to watch for these signs.

An illustration of interest is indicated in the receipt of a large amount of material upon the Flag with the request that our Society plan special programs in observance of Flag Day. We welcome and commend this new effort. An examination of the Year Books of our chapters, however, reveals that a large percentage count Flag Day as one annually to be celebrated. The surprising feature is that others are only now coming to recognize the value of the work which the Daughters of the American Revolution have been doing for years.

The "Fifth Column" is but a new name for an old menace. If it is dangerous today, it has been dangerous for some years past, when there were but few voices raised with ours. I quote from a letter received from a man engaged in newspaper work in New York: "In conversations with men about the war and the Fifth Column activities recently I have been happy to hear frequent expressions that the 'D. A. R. has been right all along,' and that it's about time the D. A. R. got some support for their Americanism work."

Let us be grateful that honest effort is

bearing fruit. Let us keep steadily and consistently pursuing the work to which our objects dedicate us.

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Miss Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, was a charter member of our Society. It has been suggested that chapters which contemplate making a gift of money toward the current drive of the American Red Cross for \$10,000,000 may wish to send it through State Treasurer and Treasurer General designated in this Golden Jubilee year as a memorial to Miss Clara Barton. There has been no opportunity for the National Board of Management to act upon this suggestion, but, since our gifts are often presented as memorials, contributions to the Red Cross during the next few months may be appropriately made in Miss Barton's memory.

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The summer promises to be much more active than usual. In nearly every state Golden Jubilee projects are nearing completion. Within recent weeks several state forests have been dedicated. It was my privilege as President General to assist in these programs in North Carolina and in Pennsylvania. In each of these States I was increasingly convinced that it is the spirit of the Daughters of the American Revolution that has made the Society's accomplishments possible. North Carolina's forest at an elevation of forty-five hundred feet and above is now reached only by an unfinished road. The wind howled down the canyon as a storm gathered but many members who had driven long distances stood on the side of the mountain grasping hats and furs while the program was carried out as planned.

In Pennsylvania there were fogs and heavy rains. Even so, about two hundred and fifty women gathered for breakfast before starting for the mountains. In spite of road-scraping by the Forest Service and the C. C. C., each car sank a bit deeper in the mud of the mile of dirt road, until many had to abandon the cars and climb on foot. But the spirit was there. The boys of the C. C. C. sang for us and the complete program was given, even if necessarily an hour late.

Surely, anyone who witnesses the devastation made by forest fires over vast areas of our mountain lands is convinced of the value of

our effort toward reforestation. Although the goal of two thousand five hundred acres has been more than reached, it is hoped that all states which have not yet planned reforestation projects will do so this year.



All of the National Golden Jubilee projects are proceeding satisfactorily. Funds for the building, the air conditioning and the equipment of our archives and document rooms have been subscribed, and the construction is now under way. It is hoped that these rooms will be completed in time for inspection by those visitors who come to Washington in October.

During the current year emphasis should be placed upon endowment. A steady progress in our activities and a uniform standard should be assured through an endowment fund to safeguard the Society against emergency or temporary depression. Without undue effort several states contributed during this past winter creditable sums toward endowment largely through small but united contributions of many members. This jubilee year should be one of thankfulness. Many may wish to express their appreciation of what the National Society means to them by a gift toward safeguarding its future security. May not many members also make immediate provision for a bequest to the endowment fund of the National Society in their wills?

Many questions are being received regarding the actual program of the Golden Jubilee. Although subject to possible change the tentative plans are these:

*Thursday, October 10, 1940.*

4:00 p. m. Charter Members Jubilee Service.

6:30 p. m. Golden Jubilee dinner, with Charter Members as guests of honor.

9:00 p. m. Historical Pageant.

*Friday, October 11, 1940.*

In the afternoon, at an hour to be determined later, Radio Broadcast. It is hoped that arrangements may be made whereby chapters throughout the country may listen to this broadcast while holding an anniversary meeting.

An informal reception will be held on this afternoon at an hour which cannot be determined until the time of the broadcast can be definitely set.

8:30 p. m. Anniversary program in Constitution Hall.

Throughout the mornings of October ten and eleven all State Rooms will be open and members will act as guides for those who may be unacquainted with our beautiful State Rooms.

An exhibit of early programs, photographs, newspaper articles, and other items of interest in the history of the National Society is planned. Members having articles believed to be suitable for such an exhibit may address Exhibit Chairman, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

A plate of unusual beauty was approved by the National Board of Management as a souvenir of the Golden Jubilee. These plates will be available in October and will make handsome gifts of lasting value. Circulars with detailed description are available. The National Society receives a commission on each plate which will be devoted toward defraying the expenses of the celebration. As already announced, orders should be sent direct to J. E. Caldwell & Company, our official jeweler. Early orders will be greatly appreciated in order that the number to be manufactured may be approximately determined.

A handsome Jubilee program will be prepared for distribution. Further to cover the costs of the Jubilee a nominal registration fee will include the program and a badge for admission.

Information regarding the Golden Jubilee number of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE is being issued to the chapters by the National Chairman. The historical material and the many photographs in this number will make it one of permanent value. A copy should be preserved in the archives of every chapter.

One of the features of our Jubilee year will be the publication of a volume upon the historic buildings owned or restored by the Daughters of the American Revolution. A tentative list indicates approximately two hundred and fifty throughout the United States. This volume, complete information regarding which will be published later, will be suitable for presentation to libraries by those chapters which make regular contributions of historic value each year.

In all of our plans for the Golden Jubilee may we remember the words which I wrote in this magazine in my first message as President General. They take on new and greater meaning in this time of world crisis:

"No greater service can be performed by the Daughters of the American Revolution during the next three years than for each member to renew her faith in America and to bear witness to this faith in the American System.

"America has its imperfections, but, in spite of these, it still offers the greatest measure of individual liberty, and under it her citizenry may enjoy greater privileges than under any other government yet devised."



MRS. THOMAS JEFFERSON

*From a portrait by Thomas Sully*

*In the following article, sufferings of Mrs. Jefferson and several other wives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence are cited, showing the price which these women paid for their husbands' signatures.*





MRS. LEWIS MORRIS (1727-1794)

*From a portrait by John Wollaston*

## Signers Who Did Not Sign

MABEL ANSLEY MURPHY

**F**ORTY-ONE of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence were married. The legend persists that to the list of

signers the British authorities added the names of the wives of the married signers. For this belief there is no direct proof. But

the fact remains that in one way or another almost all the wives paid a price for their husbands' signatures. Eighteen were direct sufferers.

Many of those who suffered were near the scene of conflict—New York, New Jersey, Delaware, the Carolinas. Of course there were isolated cases such as that of Abigail Cary Ellery of Newport, Rhode Island. She is chiefly remembered as the wife of William Ellery and the grandmother of William Ellery Channing. But she deserves recognition for her own bravery and patience after her husband signed the Declaration of Independence.

From the beginning of the Colonies' struggle, his outspoken defense of the rights of the people brought upon him and his family the persecution of the British. The signing of the Declaration provoked open hostility which found vent on his property and family. His wife and little children were forced to flee when their home was invaded, looted and set on fire. Fortunately the blaze was put out before the house—one of the finest in Newport—was irreparably damaged.

Another isolated case was that of Mary Bartlett of New Hampshire. After her husband had received warning to cease his "pernicious activity" their house was burned. A contemporary pays her this tribute: "When their home lay in ruins she took her little brood and retired to their farm which she managed thereafter, leaving Dr. Bartlett free to devote himself to public duties. In all her letters there is not one word of pity for herself, no complaints,

only a spirit of loving, helpful sympathy in all her husband's acts."

It is pleasant to note that after the war Dr. Bartlett built on the site of their old home a fine New England mansion—still standing in Kingston, New Hampshire—so that his wife in her later years had an easier life than was hers while the Colonies were struggling for their independence.

Anne Justis Morton was especially marked out for punishment since it was her husband, John Morton, whose vote broke the tie of the Pennsylvania delegates and so threw Pennsylvania's vote for independence. The family had to flee to their country home in Chester County. Anne shared with her husband the ostracism of some of their warmest friends whose political sentiments differed from theirs. These one-time friends could neither forgive nor forget his vote for independence. Morton's life was cut short by this unkindness. On his deathbed, in April of 1777, he said,

"Tell them that they will all live to see the hour when they will acknowledge it to be the most glorious service I ever rendered my country."

Elizabeth Wells Adams paid for years, always gladly and proudly. Samuel, as all the world knows, devoted himself entirely to his public duties, thus drawing the censure of more than one historian. The voice of worldly wisdom disapproved his "thrifless waste of time and talent in working for other people without compensation and neglecting his own affairs and family." Not that Mrs. Adams ever deemed him neglectful. On the contrary she felt that his tal-



MRS. WILLIAM FLOYD (1740-1781) BY JAMES PEALE

ents belonged to his country and she brought her children up in the same belief. She saw with crystal clearness that Samuel had a niche to fill into which no other man of his time could fit. So gladly, proudly, she took in sewing and with the children's help she raised vegetables for sale that Samuel might be free from responsibilities. Her humble devotion and her insight are her best claims to remembrance.

Gertrude Ross Read of Delaware had a garden which was her joy and her pride. Again and again it was deliberately destroyed. She was a cultured woman, far more highly educated than most were of that day. Sanderson says:

"She suffered considerable hardship, being often compelled to fly from home at a moment's notice, this while encumbered with an infant family. But she was never dejected nor complaining. On the contrary she encouraged her husband in every possible way, not only by word but by the cheerful manner in which she bore the many hardships which fell to her lot."

"Honest John" Hart, gray old farmer of New Jersey, had a sick wife. Deborah Scudder was worn out with bearing and rearing thirteen children. When the British troops began to swarm over New Jersey the Hart farm lay directly in their path. The children moved their bedfast mother to a place of safety and abandoned their home to destruction. Her suffering was not ended, since for weeks her husband, sixty-eight years of age, was hunted like a wild beast. He seldom slept more than one night in any one hiding place lest a longer stay might

bring danger to the home that harbored him.

At last his wife, her home in ruins, ignorant of her husband's whereabouts, gave up her struggle to live.

About the same time, Elizabeth Annesley Lewis of Long Island lay without a bed or change of clothing, in a New York City prison. Her home in Whitestone had been

wrecked by Captain Birch whose orders read: "Seize the lady and destroy the property." With mounted troops he approached from the rear while a British warship opened fire on the house. Mrs. Lewis' gilt buckles were torn from her shoes on her feet as she calmly reminded the plunderers, "All is not gold that glitters." She was a wealthy and prominent woman. Making an example of her might cause the wives of other signers to be less unruly, so reasoned the British. For three months the intercession of Congress was ignored. Then General Washington took the case in

hand. In Philadelphia he ordered the arrest of the wives of two prominent Tories and sent word to General Howe that they would be given exactly the same treatment as that meted out to Mrs. Lewis. She was released but forbidden to leave New York City. Though she was very ill, for several months this order was enforced. In the end she was permitted to join her husband in Philadelphia, but she never recovered her health.

Many wives of signers fled their homes and on returning found them destroyed. The experience of Mary Walton Morris, wife of Lewis Morris, was not unique. Delicately nurtured, never having known the



MRS. ROBERT MORRIS (1756-1843) BY JOHN TRUMBULL

hardships of life, she was forced to flee with her children when the British took possession of New York City. Her son, Lewis, wrote to his father in Philadelphia:

"Dear Papa: I so far settled the plan of my Mother's removal that she left last Thursday up to Harrison's Purchase with her Family . . . Yesterday the Enemy brought several Field Pieces upon the North West Point and fired several times at the house. I suppose they will shoot it like a sieve and destroy what little I left on the place."

Mrs. Morris came back to her home, the Manor of Morrisania, to find the great house in ruins, the farm land wasted, one thousand acres of beautiful forest felled, the family vaults opened, the coffins broken open and the bones scattered over the blighted land.

Equally bitter was the fortune of Hannah Jones Floyd of Setauket, Long Island. Immediately after Mrs. Floyd and her little family fled across the Sound to Connecticut the British took possession of General Floyd's estate. Seven years later Mrs. Floyd returned to find her beautiful home being used as a stable, the great fruit orchards leveled, and acres of timber destroyed. The tenancy of the British had utterly devastated one of the finest estates in the North. Mrs. Floyd had borne bravely seven years of poverty in exile, looking forward to her return home. To find it a waste broke her heart and she died at forty-one years of age on March 16, 1781.

Another wife who fled and afterward returned to a wrecked home was Mrs. Elizabeth Clymer of Philadelphia. After General Washington's defeat at Brandywine, General Howe started for Philadelphia. She and her family fled to their country home in Chester County. Tory servants betrayed their refuge to the British. Warned by a friend, Mrs. Clymer took the children and fled farther into the country. The house was sacked, furniture destroyed. At the same time the Clymer town house was marked for destruction. A detail was sent to tear it down. By mistake they went to the home of Mr. Clymer's aunt on Cherry Street. However, they desisted when told of their mistake.

Still another wife had to flee with her family, Mary White Morris, wife of Robert

Morris. When near the close of 1776 Congress had to flee to Baltimore, Robert Morris sent his wife and children to the same refuge. In December, writing to her husband she said, "I long to give you an account of the many difficulties we have experienced. . . . My spirits are very unable to the task after that greatest conflict—flying from home."

In March 1777 she returned to Philadelphia. She wrote to her mother, "Everybody exclaims at my thinness. Several of my acquaintances did not know me. . . . They declared there was little trace of my former self."

One month later she had again to flee with her family, this time to Lancaster where for her family's safety Mr. Morris had bought a country home, "The Hills." Here the family was undisturbed but Mrs. Morris' health was permanently impaired.

No story is more tragic than that of Anne Boudinot Stockton, wife of Richard Stockton. Mrs. Stockton fled from her home in Princeton after hiding important state papers and the records of the American Whig Society of Princeton College. The next night her husband's hiding place was discovered. He was arrested and thrown into Perth Amboy prison. Here he nearly perished of cold. From this prison he was taken to one in New York City where, notwithstanding his broken health and his high standing, he was cruelly treated. Once for twenty-four hours he went without either food or drink.

Mrs. Stockton implored the help of Congress. Not until this body threatened retaliation on British prisoners was his condition somewhat improved. Meantime, Morven, his beautiful home, was plundered, his fine library destroyed, his blooded stock driven off. On his release he was in such financial straits that his friends had to supply the family with the necessities of life. In 1781 the illness contracted in prison ended his life. The deep attachment between husband and wife made her sufferings but little less than his.

The price which Sarah Armitage McKean, the second wife of Thomas McKean, paid can not be better told than by reading a letter which Mr. McKean wrote to John Adams, November 8, 1779:

"I have had my full share of anxieties,



MARY STOCKTON HUNTER, DAUGHTER OF RICHARD STOCKTON. ARTIST UNKNOWN

cares and troubles of the present war. . . . (I) have been hunted like a fox by the enemy. . . . I was compelled to move my family five times in a few months. At last, I fixed them a little log house on the banks of the Susquehanna, more than one hundred miles from Philadelphia. But safety was not to be found there for soon we were

obliged to move again owing to the incursions of the Indians."

The close of the war was nearing when tragedy visited the wives of the southern signers. In the spring of 1780 General Lincoln was forced to surrender Charleston. Both South Carolina and North Carolina were immediately overrun by the British

forces. In Georgia the British had already restored the British Government.

Dorothy Camber Walton, wife of George Walton, drained the cup of misery in sympathy with her husband's suffering. In the defense of Savannah, Colonel Walton's regiment was in the front of the fighting. He was desperately wounded and captured by the enemy. For months he was held a prisoner at Sunbury, the British refusing to exchange him for anyone of lower rank than a brigadier-general.

Outstanding among southern plantations was Middleton Place, the century-old home of the Middletons. Down to the Ashley River sloped the lawns and terraces of the landscaped garden whose beauty was the result of ten years of labor by one hundred negroes.

When beautiful, stately Mary Izard Middleton, wife of Arthur Middleton, was forced to flee, this home was utterly destroyed. British troops were quartered on the estate and all the negroes were sent to Jamaica to be sold.

Elizabeth Mathews Heyward had an experience precisely similar. Hers was the added grief of knowing that her husband was a prisoner at St. Augustine. From the tragedy Mrs. Heyward never recovered. In 1778, just as by exchange General Heyward was released, she died.

In North Carolina, Anne Clark Hooper went through raids on their house not once but many times. This continual harassing broke Mr. Hooper's health but it roused his wife's fighting spirit. She took over the operation of the oft-sacked plantation. "She had firmness of mind which enabled her to sustain without repining the grievous privations to which she had been peculiarly exposed."

So little is known of Button Gwinnett that it is not strange that even less is known of his wife. That she paid a price for her husband's signature we may be confident for we know that their plantation on St. Catherine's Island was totally destroyed and the negroes sent to Jamaica.

The story of the life of Lucy Grimes Nelson, wife of Governor Nelson of Virginia, is not spectacular, but to live must have

called for her constant upholding of her husband's hands and upon great devotion to the patriot cause. Had it not been for her loyal cooperation the following record could not have been written: "Thomas Nelson in his 50th year descended into his grave honored and beloved. Alas, that of his once vast estates that honor and love was almost all that he left behind him! He had spent a princely fortune in his country's cause; his horses had been sent to convey the munitions of war; his granaries had been thrown open to a starving soldiery; his ample purse had been drained to its last dollar."

At eighty years of age Mrs. Nelson went out of her impoverished life here leaving "twenty dollars to her minister and freedom to her servant, the only one she had."

Martha Wayles Jefferson knew nine years of exceptionally happy married life before her health began to fail. In November, 1779, her fifth child was born. Two months later she fled with the baby in her arms as Arnold approached Richmond, Virginia. "The British General Tarleton sent troops to capture Governor Jefferson. His wife and children were hurried 14 miles away to the home of Colonel Coles. At Monticello, the Jefferson home in Albemarle County, the house was searched but not sacked. But many of the negroes were taken prisoner. The plantation was stripped of horses, tobacco and grain."

The loss ran into thousands of dollars. However, it was not the material loss but the continual strain of anxiety concerning her husband which so shattered Mrs. Jefferson's frail health that she died in September, 1782.

The roll is not complete. Other stories should be on record. But the world of that day was a man's world and in its records few women received recognition—all the more reason why we of today should remember and honor the women whose names are not on the roll of the Declaration of Independence. Tradition says that on the British roll their names were entered with their husbands'. Be that as it may, each wife held up her husband's hands and shared his sufferings. One paid dearly with her life. Many others knew shortened lives.



# "Second Only to the First"

*A New England town celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence*

ELINOR EMERY POLLARD

MORE than one hundred years ago, when early Americans celebrated the first half century of this country's freedom and independence, they did not set off fire-crackers under a tin can, nor go off for the day on a family picnic. In 1826 the fourth of July was not a family matter; not just another holiday. It was a day of national rejoicing and of solemn, reverent remembering.

Men still lived who had taken part in the American revolution, and when you throw your very life into the balance to achieve something, that something is really cherished beyond price. Our American democracy and liberty were not at all to be taken for granted.

A carefully detailed account of the celebration as it was held at Newburyport, Mass., has been preserved for us in a book written by Susan Ann Emery back in 1878. Susan was herself a little girl of five on the day of the National Jubilee, but years later she wrote "Memoirs of a Nonogenarian," and in one chapter recorded her ninety-year-old mother's account of the day; her programs and her newspaper clippings; the events in the order in which they occurred, and the toasts of the officers and soldiers who were present. It makes timely and fascinating reading today!

Susan's father was Major David Emery, a major in the militia, and "noted for his fine bearing and distinguished horsemanship." His father before him had served in the Revolutionary army until after the battle of Brooklyn. In 1776, when he was only thirteen, David Emery, senior, had enlisted in the company of Captain Silas Andrews, and had served as fifer under Captain Noyes in Colonel Wade's regiment, 1779-1780.

Little Susan had heard much about her grandfather, and she must have been greatly impressed with her own father's elegance and dignity when he appeared on that day of days in 1826, ready to head the civil procession which gathered on the mall at ten o'clock in the morning. With him

were the Messrs. William Hervey, Jacob W. Pierce, Moses Kent, John Greely, Samuel Thompson, and Thomas Foster.

"The day, which proved unusually fine, was ushered in by the ringing of bells and a salute of twenty-four guns by the Newburyport Artillery. This was repeated again at sunset."

For days every household had been abuzz and abustle with preparations. The people were determined that not a detail should be lacking in the Jubilee's perfection; that this fourth of July should be second only to the first.

Major Ebenezer Bradbury was officer of the day, and heading the military procession were Major Caleb Cushing, Captain Henry Merrill and Adjutant Charles Kimball.

To swell their numbers and to lend "pomp and circumstance" to the occasion, the Ipswich and Bradbury Light Corps joined them, the Amesbury Artillery, and the Newbury Cavalry. The Newburyport Artillery and Light Infantry completed the ranks. These last two must have added much in the way of color and attractiveness, for they were "handsomely uniformed, the Artillery caps decorated by waving black plumes, and the Light Infantry by white, producing a brilliant and imposing effect."

Sixty Revolutionary officers and soldiers marched along the old elm-shaded streets, marshalled by Daniel Foster, one of LaFayette's Life Guard, who "displayed the cap, plume and sword which he had worn in service." Some of his men wore the regular Continental uniform; all had a badge of blue ribbon across their chests, with the numerals '76. In their midst they carried preciously a tattered flag of the Revolution, which had flown over Bunker Hill, and which bore mute evidence of battle in its bullet-torn folds.

Behind these men came an open barouche, "drawn by a span of superb white horses," and in it rode four elderly veterans not strong enough to endure the long march

that day. "One among them was that noble veteran, the aged Colonel Edward Wigglesworth."

Members of various local societies, fire companies, truckmen, citizens and children brought up the rear, and crowds along the side cheered them as they passed. Ladies carrying tiny ruffled parasols fluttered their lace handkerchiefs and nodded and smiled as they recognized friends and relatives in the procession.

They went down High street, Federal and Middle to the Market Square; and along Greene and Pleasant streets to the Pleasant street church "which had been handsomely decorated by the ladies, the front gallery and side wall pews being reserved for them."

The services were a devout thanksgiving, with prayers for the infinite preservation of our country's freedom, and with eulogies "for the honor and glory of the men who had given their lives" for the great cause of American independence.

Edward L. White was at the organ, and the Rev. Dr. Andrews was officiating minister. His address was reported on the following day in the *Newburyport Herald* as "peculiarly beautiful and appropriate, commanding attention and admiration for its clearness of method, felicity of allusion, and clearness of diction. That his impassioned eulogy upon our sainted forefathers, and his nervous delineation of the trials and sufferings of the heroic men who toiled and bled for our sakes, were not lost upon his auditors, was evinced by their fixed attention, and we could perceive more than one tear swell up from the heart of the veteran, and steal down his careworn cheeks."

Remarkable words these, from a newspaper clipping, but those people knew vitally the full significance of the day they had gathered together to celebrate.

The Declaration of Independence was read next by Robert Cross, Esq., "with much taste, skill and judgment, and we considered it judicious in him at their peculiar juncture, to add the names of the signers of the Declaration."

Several original hymns were written especially for the occasion, and they were "rendered by the different choirs of the town in sweet voices." One, written by a woman

whose name has been forgotten, was to be sung to the air of "The Pillar of Glory." It had a stirring, and to us challenging last verse:

"Spirit of him who at Vernon is sleeping,  
Bend in thy glory, smile at our mirth.  
See the glad millions, the Jubilee keeping,  
Which thou didst procure by thy valor on earth.

Still hallowed be the day,

When we have passed away,

And years over years, shall like floods, roll along.

Then may posterity

Still be inspired by thee—

'Freedom and Washington' be ever the song!"

From the church everyone went back to the Market Square where dinner was to be served by Messrs. Tyler and Cook. No home baked delicacies, however fine for Circle Suppers and other ordinary affairs, were to be considered on this rare occasion! The Market Hall, too, had been decorated with no thought of cost in time or effort.

"In the interstices between the windows, evergreens had been interwoven so as to give the hall the appearance of a complete shrubbery, in which were birds confined in cages who saluted the guests with their enlivening notes; and overhead was spread tent cloths, to impart a military air to the festival.

"At the farthest extremity of the hall, over the President's table, was extended an arch with the inscription 'July 4th, 1776', supported by pillars inscribed with the names of Washington, Warren, Ward, Stark, and Varnum; and on the other, Putnam, Prescott, Brooks, Green, and LaFayette."

Major Joshua Greenleaf was President of the day, and he presided with the assistance of the vice presidents, Samuel March, Esq., Col. Daniel Adams, Capt. Greene Sanford, Stephen W. Marston, Esq., and Dr. Richard S. Spofford.

"The tables were handsomely laid and the dinner was excellent. Due justice having been done the viands, the feast of reason and the flow of the soul commenced."

Toasts were offered around the officers' table, and some of them are especially stirring, and interesting to note today, one hundred and fourteen years later. Those

men's voices and the fire of their enthusiasm and loyal devotion may well reach down the years to us in this twentieth century!

Major Joshua Greenleaf rose first and began: "This National Jubilee—A grateful country will embalm the memory of the patriots and heroes whose blood and treasure secured to us the blessings we now enjoy."

Col. Daniel Adams, vice-president, followed, and holding high his glass, offered: "Union, liberty and independence—May they be sacred in the breast and defended by the best blood of every American!"

Another by Gen. S. Low: "The fiftieth anniversary of American independence—We hail it as a pledge of a national feeling which still breathes the spirit of '76 into the vitals of the true sons of America."

Col. Caleb Cushing, leader of the military procession earlier in the day, added his spirited toast. "The present generation—My best wish for them is that they may be as brave as their fathers—and the proud inheritors of the free soil, and the free souls which are the boast of America!"

Perhaps the most touching of all, was the long and ardent expression made by Daniel Foster. Remember he had served with LaFayette's Life Guard, and picture his tall figure, his plumed hat and sword, as he said:

"Fellow Soldiers of the Revolution—Allow me for a moment to express to you my feelings on this joyful occasion. We remain among the few survivors of the Revolutionary army; that army which achieved the independence we are now assembled to celebrate. We enlisted in the good cause in a day of darkness, when our beloved country's . . . prospects were

gloomy and discouraging. By the favor of Divine Providence, we . . . have been continued through half a century to see this glorious day! Our thirteen colonies have become a powerful empire, enjoying civil liberty and social order. . . .

"Let us hope that we leave these invaluable privileges in good hands, and that our children and children's children, by adhering to the principles of our immortal Washington, will transmit them unimpaired to the latest generation."

Then came his toast in conclusion: "Our Sons—May they ever stand fast to the integrity of our National Union, and relying on Heaven, be always ready to defend with their blood, if need be, the high privileges bequeathed to them."

Here are the Revolutionary officers and soldiers who attended the National Jubilee dinner, given to commemorate the first half century of American Independence. Perhaps you will find among them, one of your own ancestors!

Elias Pike  
Gideon Woodwell  
Daniel Flanders  
Stephen Toppan  
Wm. Huntington  
Amos Carlton  
Amos Norton  
Joseph Pike  
Richard Short  
Samuel Follansbee  
Jonathan Lambert  
Benjamin Poor  
Timothy Curtis  
Oliver Goodrich  
Timothy Gordon  
Nathaniel Pearson  
David Pearson  
Timothy Poor  
Caleb Kimball  
Samuel Balch  
Benjamin Davis  
Aaron Rogers  
Joseph Floyd

Nathaniel Howard  
Moses Short  
Joseph Stanwood  
Elias Cook  
John Pafford  
John Bootman  
David Dole  
Moses Somerby  
Josiah Pettengel  
Farnum Howe  
Jacob Fowler  
Samuel Eaton  
Moses Pike  
Jacob Carrier  
Nathaniel Ladd  
Ezekiel Merrill  
Daniel Adams  
Nathaniel Beck  
Jacob Brown  
Joseph Mootrey  
John Hodgkins  
Thomas Stanwood

## Liberty Garden

BETTY ELISE DAVIS

*These pages of his garden book  
Are yellowed now with age.  
His writing, faint and fine, proclaims  
How carefully the Sage  
Of Monticello kept the time  
Of planting bulb and seed;  
Just where the first bright blossoms grew;  
The proper time to weed.*

*Red tulips in this bed he placed.  
There Rocket Larkspur, blue,  
Bordered with frail Narcissus, white,  
Formed that glorious hue  
Of Liberty, so dear to him—  
One destined to proclaim  
It to a world of despot power  
And light its torch of flame.*

## A Letter to Congress

THE FOLLOWING LETTER, contributed by Mrs. E. F. Wilson of Sedalia, Missouri, was written to Congress in 1781 by Benjamin Franklin, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

"I must now," he wrote, after disposing of official topics, "beg leave to say something relating to myself—a subject with which I have not often troubled congress. I have passed my seventy-fifth year, and I find that the long and severe fit of the gout which I had the last winter had shaken me exceedingly, and I am yet far from having recovered the bodily strength I before enjoyed. I do not know that my mental faculties are impaired,—perhaps I shall be the last to discover that,—but I am sensible of great diminution of my activity, a quality I think particularly necessary in your minister at this court. I am afraid, therefore, that your affairs may some time or other suffer by my deficiency. I find also that the business is too heavy for me and too confining. The constant attendance at home, which is necessary for receiving and accepting your bills of exchange (a matter foreign to my ministerial functions), to answer letters, and perform other parts of my employment, prevents my taking the air and exercise which my annual journeys formerly used to afford me, and which contributed much to the preservation of my health. There are many other little personal attentions which the infirmities of age render necessary to an old man's comfort, even in some degree to the continuance of his existence, and with which business often interferes.

"I have been engaged in public affairs, and enjoyed public confidence in some shape or other during the long term of fifty years, and honour sufficient to satisfy any reasonable ambition; and I have no other left but that of repose, which I hope the congress will grant me by sending some person to supply my place. At the same time I beg they may be assured that it is not any the least doubt of their success in the glorious cause nor any disgust received in their service, that induces me to decline it, but purely and simply the reasons I have mentioned. And as I cannot at present undergo the fatigues of a sea voyage (the last having been almost too much for me), and would not again expose myself to the hazard of capture and imprisonment in this time of war, I propose to remain here at least till the peace—perhaps it may be for the remainder of my life—and if any knowledge or experience I have acquired here may be thought of use to my successor, I shall freely communicate it and assist him with any influence I may be supposed to have, or counsel that may be desired of me."

Congress, as we recall, would not accept Franklin's resignation, but commissioned him along with John Adams and John Hay to negotiate a treaty of peace. The important results of Franklin's mission to France scarcely have a parallel in point of diplomacy.

Some four years later, while in conversation with Thomas Jefferson, the Count de Vergennes said, "You replace Dr. Franklin, I hear." Thomas Jefferson replied, "I succeed—no one can replace him."

THE FOLLOWING LETTER, submitted by Mrs. J. M. Macrae of Ontario, California, was written by Sarah Stark Wood, widow of Lieutenant William Wood, Jr., to her son, Jesse Wood, of Maysville, Kentucky. Sarah Stark—the great-great-grandmother of Mrs. Macrae—was born in Amelia County, Virginia, and married William Wood in 1768. In 1785, with Arthur Fox, "Parson Wood"—as he was known—they settled the town in Mason County, Kentucky, which was called Washington. Mrs. Wood was seventy-nine years old when she wrote this letter, styled in beautiful phraseology and revealing her lovely character.

◇ ◇ ◇

Mr. Jesse Wood  
Maysville  
Kentucky

18 3/4

Bellefontaine, O.  
July

June the  
30 1831—

Sugar Creek—allin County—ohio—

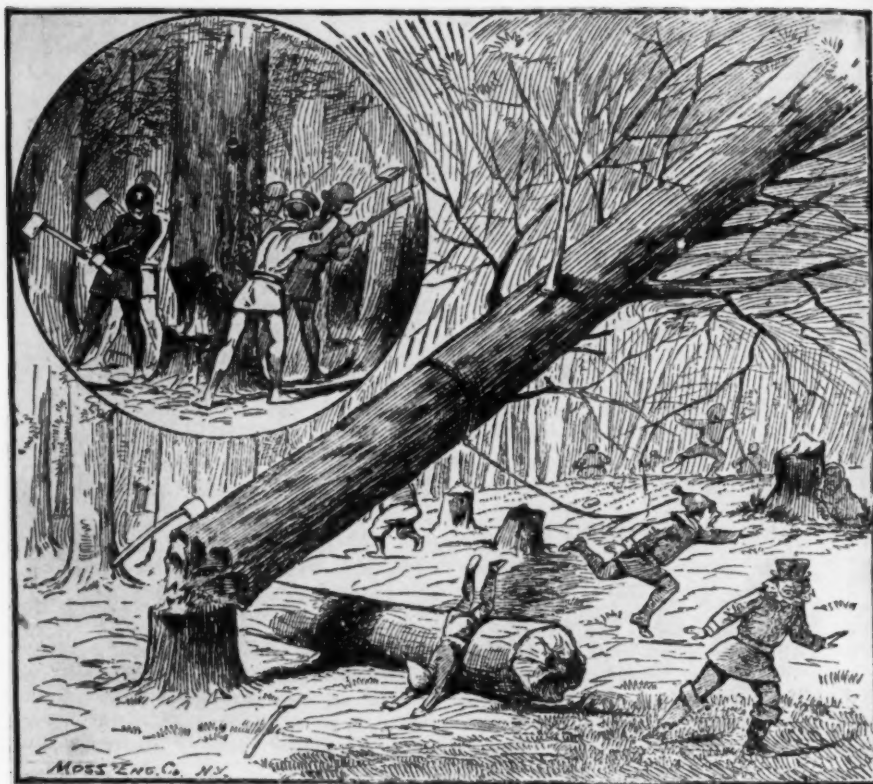
My Dear son your affectionate mother gladly imbraces the present opportunity to rite a few lines to you in order to convey a few thoughts on paper. As we are so far seperated by hills & dales & rivers that we Cannot enjoy the Desired priveledg of Convercing in person Let us not altogether neglect To make use of the means that is in our power of rendering each other all The satisfaction we Can while the Lamp of life is stil Burning. Let us Improve the present golden moments to the best advantage for the glory of God and each others good for you must reasonably expect that I Considir My lamp all most ready to be blown out. But bles the Lord it will but Be blown out to be lit again with the love & illuminating presents Of my blessed savior. Then my son it will burn & never be extinguished while The Countless ages of an neverending eternity shall roal there ample Rounds. My dear son pray for this that the god whom I indeviore to serve May give me grace suficient for me in my declining years that when the Lamp of natiore is about going out I may have grace to exclaim in the Icy arms of Death I am ready to be offered up. I have Fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is a glorious Crown Laid up for me which the Lord the righteous judg will give me at that Day. Son be assured you have a warm place in the affections of your mother & it often causes me to grieve when I cast my eyes threw this howling wilderness & see the habitations of my Children so scattered so distant from each other and me. But why do I mourn. There is a rest prepared for the people of god which rest I joyfully hop my Children is all seeking. Therefore my dear son take encouragement and remember that tho we are so scattered too and fro threw this unfriendly world it does not hinder us from meting together daily at a throan of grace in behalf of each other. I am sorry I have to Leave this subject but I submit. I am Living with my daughter hetty who with her Companion desires to be remembered to you all. I enjoy a grate eal better health than I Could reasonably Expect Considering my grate age. The Connections in this place with a very few exceptions enjoy good health. Son do write often. I received your Leter of the fifth of january which gave me much satisfaction. I now Conclude by subscribing myself your affectionate mother

til death

Sarah Wood

Jesse Wood





*From Volume I, "Ohio Historical Collections," by Henry Howe*

"THE FRENCH SETTLERS AT GALLIPOLIS, DIRECT FROM PARIS, CUTTING DOWN TREES"

## Gallipolis—Ohio

A Piece of Paris in the Wilderness

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

"THE butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," probably these were among those Frenchmen from Paris and from Lyons, setting sail for "France in America." At any rate we know coachmakers, carvers and gilders to His Majesty, friseurs and the makers of powdered perukes were there. Most of them were devoted to the old régime which was now tottering; to the Bourbons whose throne was trembling.

The time was the last of the 1780's. The American Revolution was over; but the French Revolution was only beginning.

There were dark clouds not only over the household of the King and his nobles but over those who had served the titled ones.

For what work would wig-makers and hairdressers have now, when folk were more intent on saving their necks than having their hair curled and powdered in the latest style?

What uses for carved and gilded coaches, when the cart going to the scaffold was to become the most crowded of vehicles?

And when the Bastille fell, for many it must have seemed as though it were the end



for France, and certainly the end for those loyal to Louis XVI.

No wonder these Frenchmen became intrigued with the office which had opened down on the *Rue Neuve des Petis Champs*. For from this office one could obtain the most fascinating literature. It seemed that in the New World, in the land the Marquis de Lafayette had helped to free from the English, there was plenty of land, millions of acres, where the rich harvests of cotton and tobacco could be gathered with no trouble, and everything was so plentiful that one had scarcely any work to do at all in order to acquire a fortune.

According to that office on the *Rue Neuve des Petis Champs*, there was already set aside a marvelous tract of land known as Gallia—the old name for France. Great towns were already laid out all about it—for the Frenchmen did not understand any difference in meaning between the words *townships* and *towns*. And in Gallia it appeared there was a town already begun for them. Its name was Gallipolis—City of Gaul! How wonderful that a City of France was all ready to receive them. True the land about the city was as yet uncleared, but what did that matter? Anybody could chop down a tree. And Gallipolis was not far from the “city” named for the French Queen, though the queer Americans had shortened the name from Marie Antoinette to Marietta!

“Surely,” said the Parisian whose work for the gentry was growing less and less, “surely in this France in the New World, I and my family will soon be able to have an income better than I could make here. See,” he said to his wife as she bustled in with the soup, shoving aside the papers over which the little Parisian was poring, “see, we know the names of some of these Frenchmen in the Company. I have even worked for one or two; while the names of the others are well known.

“Here you will see that Monsieur Louis Marthe is associated with the Company, a good soldier if ever there was one; and the Marquis de Gouy d’Arsy, Chevalier, High Bailiff of the Sword, to say nothing of being Lieutenant General and Member of the National Assembly to boot. M. Claude Odille Joseph Barond—that one I do not know; but M. Antoine St. Didier is a well-known

merchant in Paris; and look, if more be needed to convince one of how reputable a company this is, see—the name of Monsieur Jean François Noel Meheas, Comptroller of the Pay Office of the Domain of the King; he knows investments when he sees them!”

So one Parisian after another went through the list of prominent Frenchmen who had been induced to lend their names as members of the *Compagnie du Scioto* in Paris.

The story of the *Scioto Land Company* which sent its representative, Joel Barlow, to France to sell land as yet unpurchased by the American Company itself has never been fully told. There appears to be evidence that some members of the Company were fully aware that trickery of the lowest type was involved. On the other hand it is possible that some never questioned the uprightness of the dealings in which they were involved.

At any rate, this much is known. By the use of posters or leaflets describing the beauties and wonders of the “American west,” five or six hundred French would-be colonists were induced to invest money in land, paying at least half the price down in cash. In return the Company gave them a paper indicating that they had invested their money and thereby received such title as the *Scioto Company* possessed.

But, here was the rub. The *Scioto Company* had no title—only the right (?) to purchase these lands from Congress. Such purchase the Company, it may be, intended to actually make from the payments of the French colonists themselves. At any rate the Company expected to clear a tremendous profit, \$1,200,000 is mentioned; and again, “The possibilities are greater than may be imagined.”

Meanwhile more and more residents of Paris and of Lyons paid their money and began packing for America, stopping often enough to read and re-read the prospectus about the wonderful place to which they were going.

“A climate wholesome and delightful, frost even in winter almost entirely unknown; and a river called by way of eminence, the Beautiful and abounding in excellent fish of a vast size.” (Where was there a Parisian who did not like to fish?) “Noble forests, consisting of trees that spontaneously produce

sugar (the sugar maple), and a plant that yields readymade candles (*myrica cerefera*). Venison in plenty, the pursuit of which is uninterrupted by wolves, foxes, lions or tigers. A couple of swine will multiply themselves a hundred-fold in two or three years without taking care of them. No taxes to pay, no military services to perform."

Of course those who studied these words could not dream of the forests to be cut. There was no mention either of Indians or of possible trouble with them; nor that the market value of these lands in America was about six or seven cents per acre. But it was said that there was free pasturage on grassy plains and that corn could easily be raised; that the value of the lands would treble and quadruple in a few years.

Toward the end of 1789 and the beginning of 1790 one of the strangest stories in American history was being enacted.

The Company agreed to furnish transportation from the borders of France to Gallipolis itself, paying all expenses en route. The colonists were to be given a certain number of years in which to finish paying for their land. They were to receive a lot in Gallipolis, land outside the city for farming, as is the system in France; a horse and a cow. Moreover they were to be furnished a house in which to live. Some of the wealthy, however, paid their own passage and purchased additional land on their own account, planning no doubt to set up their mansion in the France—the Gallia—of America.

The prospective colonists began gathering at Havre in November, some went in December, and some in January. Owing to bad weather, however, the first ship did not sail until the middle of February. Meanwhile the colonists did not receive the care they had anticipated from the Scioto Company. Some became disgusted and returned to Paris demanding their money back.

At last, however, six boats departed for America—the *Recovery*, *Pennsylvania*, *La Liberty*, *Lady Washington*, *Nautilus* and *Scarboro*. The *Recovery* sprang a leak and went down, the passengers and crew being rescued at the last moment by an English vessel, most of them losing all they had brought with them.

The colonists to reach America sailed up the Potomac. As they passed Mount Ver-

non, they greeted with delight the sight of the home where their Lafayette had visited. "Not so different from a French chateau," they agreed among themselves. "We, too, will have homes like that."

But once in Alexandria, from where they expected transportation westward, there began to be delay after delay. Ugly rumors began to spread. "Their city was not yet started? The land lay under water. And have you heard? It is said the Scioto Company has no title at all?"

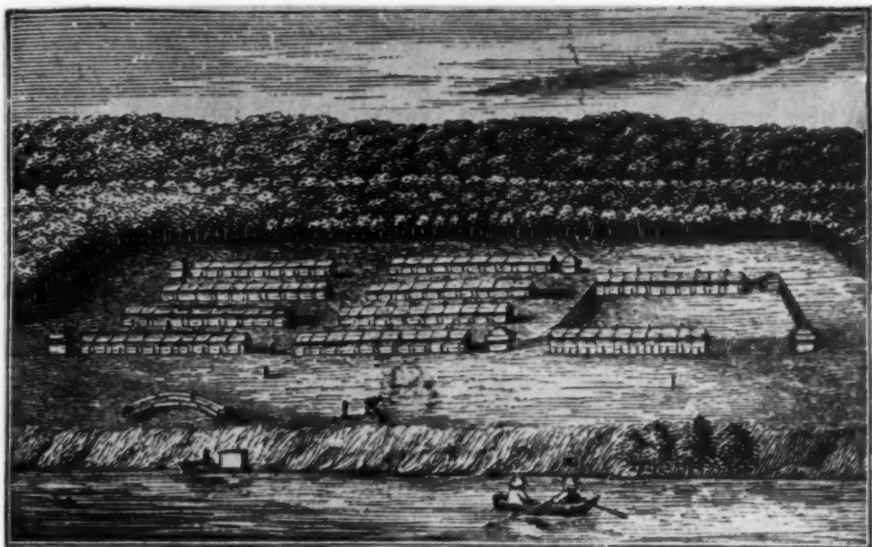
"Nonsense, they must have. But we will elect committees. We will have one of them write to Washington to be certain all is well."

"There is famine beyond the mountains. They want to keep us back from the west until the crops come in."

"Be still. The company is taking care of us, after a fashion. We will be moving soon."

Yet the Company continued to delay and it was autumn before they reached their City of Gaul. They had been delayed at various places along the way—at Winchester, at Brownsville, at the mouth of the Buffalo (now Wellesburg, Va.). But by the latter part of autumn between four and five hundred arrived at Gallipolis. What a year of suffering it had been. But compared to the months and years ahead, they would often look back upon this season as a time of ease and luxury.

Gallipolis was as compact as a French hamlet. There were two "streets" of log cabins, each with a door, a window and a chimney, laid out parallel to the river. Here would live the tradespeople, the carvers and gilders and coachmen, the baker, the midwife, the friseurs and peruke makers. But for the noblemen and gentry there were built at the "top" of the town two rows of buildings of hewn logs. These were palatial compared to the cabins on the "streets." They were all of a story and a half in height, and built about a rectangle where blockhouses had been erected on the corners, and a space fenced off for the company's stores. Here too was a large room to be used as a ballroom and for merry-making and general gatherings. It is said that these gallant Parisians immediately brought forth a flute and a fiddle and rejoiced with music and dancing. Had



From Volume I, "Ohio Historical Collections," by Henry Howe

LOG CABINS BUILT FOR THE GALLIPOLIS SETTLERS

they not arrived at their city of promise at last?

Let us glance a bit at these colonists. The "first nobleman among them was Count Malartie." He had been a captain in the French guard of Louis XVI. There was the Count de Barth, with private secretary, *valet de chambre* and eight or ten laborers. There was the Count and Countess La-Bretch. The Count, too, had been a body-guard to the French King. There was the Marquis d'Hebercourt, an erstwhile captain in the Queen's Regiment, and a Lieutenant Malden.

It is said that there were a number of physicians, LeMoyne, Petit, Saugrain, Duzet, Duftlegnee, Grasson. There were lawyers and manufacturers, clerks of attorneys of the exiled French Parliament, and there were those with other trades already mentioned. Among the names of prominent Frenchmen recorded are those of Devignement, Armand, Rome, Picard, LaForge, C. R. Menager, Bureau, John Gervais, J. B. Bertrand, William Devil, Andrew LaCroix. There was Joseph Devacht, a watchmaker, and Monsieur Malcher, a silversmith.

But diversified as these people were, they were held together by one bond. They were all Frenchmen. So the little colony lived, it is said, in great harmony among themselves in the wilderness. Having no idea what to do to sustain themselves, they planted tiny gardens about their log cabins, as they had in France, or as the dwellers in French hamlets always do. The seeds they had brought with them from France, and some of them had brought books from France, too, which explained how to plant them. The baker put out his sign. As to whether the wigmakers and friseurs did likewise, we are not certain; but the carver to the king found occupation in fashioning wooden shoes to replace the worn footgear.

They looked to the Company to feed them, and for a little the Company did help. Then came word that the assets of the Company were gone. An Englishman, who had been hired to assist in the Paris office, one named ironically enough, Playfair, had decamped with the funds. It was even said that angry Frenchmen, relatives of those who had gone to America, had burned the office to the ground. At any

rate it seemed that there were no longer any records in existence of those who had paid money to the Company.

What did the colonists do then? What did they think? What did François d'Hebercourt think, for example, he who had been a military schoolmate and friend of Napoleon? Did he remember how he and his schoolmate had discussed the founding of an empire in America? Well, here he was, d'Hebercourt, but Napoleon was still in France. Who knew what future might be ahead of him there.

Here there was land to be cleared. It is said that at least a dozen Frenchmen hacked away at the trunk of a single tree with their hatchets—they had no axes, while as many others tied ropes to the branches and tried to pull the tree down. It is even said, though some doubt this, that once the tree was down the Frenchmen knew of no other way of getting rid of it than by burying it.

In such fashion, then, they may have cleared their land until someone told them about burning. We know they tried that, for an elderly Frenchman and his wife, going some distance from the town to gather ashes from a burned tree, with which to make soap, were never seen again.

One Frenchman named Muller was scalped by the Indians but lived on minus the top of his head. For difficulties had soon developed with the Indians. Then the soldiers of the King and Queen of France volunteered to aid General St. Clair against them. Unfortunately, St. Clair was defeated. The Count of Marlatu was wounded and returned to Philadelphia. From there he went back to France and linked his career once more with the Bourbons, disastrously, for he lost all his fortune and was wounded again. In spite of his difficulties in America, he wrote years after to St. Clair declaring that "Yours is the only land in which to live."

Among the settlers was a man, little in stature, not, in fact, five feet tall, named Dr. Saugrain. He lived at the "top" of the town and was exceedingly good natured. He was also adaptable to circumstances. One day, soon after arrival, he was out on the river with two other of his countrymen when he met some Indians. The companions of the doctor, having imbibed the philosophy of Rousseau, immediately made

gestures to the noble savages to come into their boat. The Indians accepted and gave their hosts immediate greeting with their hatchets. Whereupon, the little French doctor, who had kept his hands in his pockets and on his pistols, returned the salutation in kind, killing two Indians. Then, leaping into the water, he escaped to the shore, though not without being wounded.

There are facts about the stories of Dr. Saugrain which give us good insight into the little French town. Not only was the little doctor a hero after this event; he was considered more or less a wizard, for he had brought with him blowpipes, crucible and other apparatus from which he fashioned glass tubes of various sizes and made both barometers and thermometers. He painted the scale of these instruments neatly with his pen and carved the frames in which he set them. But what was especially astonishing was that he made also little phosphoric matches by filling tiny glass tubes with phosphorus, which ignited when the tube was broken. This seemed to many pretty close to black art.

Also, according to the report of a boy who was much impressed, he had a large peach in a glass bottle, the neck of which would admit only a common cork. This, adds the writer, was accomplished by tying the bottle to the limb of a tree with the peach inserted when young. And where, we wonder, did the doctor get the peach? Was it preserved in alcohol? Or was it from a seedling brought from France?

The doctor and his wife, who was a charming young woman, had a tiny garden in back of their home, where they had "swans which swam around basins of water." Did the swans, too, we wonder, come from France?

It is mentioned that Madame Saugrain had no maid, but her brother and another lad of about the same age, nine years, lived with them and helped about the kitchen. "We brought water and wood and washed the dishes. I used to go for a little milk sometimes on the frozen ground barefooted. The carver for the king had made wooden sabots, but I did not like them. I blacked boots and shoes and weeded the flower beds. And a young lady who worked in the

(Continued on page 68)

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## Earth Love

MABEL MEADOWS STAATS

*There is a nameless something in these  
fields,  
A patient strength and calm serenity;  
In places strange and far the thought of it  
Is like a taut thread drawing steadily.*

*I must return to acres I have known,  
To dim old paths from knoll to wooded  
glen;*

*And hear the larks in dewy fields at dawn,  
And tramp the empty stubble lands again.*

*There is a peace in furrows crumbling  
brown,  
A singing something deep in clover slopes  
That lifts my soul as never any town  
Could bring me faith or foster feeble hopes.*

*I have an ancient kinship with the earth  
That calls me, spent and weary, to her  
breast,*

*To find in simple farmlands of my birth  
A oneness with the universe, and rest.*

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## The Old Home Place

EMMA MAYHEW WHITING

*A lilac bush and a sweet briar rose  
Mark the site my ancestors chose,  
Ah long ago, for their garden fair  
Which they planted and tended with loving  
care.*

*Now tansy remains with its spicy smell,  
Mint still grows where once was the well,  
Pale pinks dot the grass and in wild design  
Spreads a tangled sweet honeysuckle vine.*

*Bright daffodils in ragged rows  
Mark the place that those dear ones chose  
And through the years the flowers smile on  
With all the charm of those who have gone.*

*The blooms shed their fragrance on the air  
And the spirit of home still lingers there;  
Though the house has vanished and there's  
no other trace*

*To mark for us the old home place.*



## Sale

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

*When he sold the farm he sold more than the land;  
More than the house, and more than he could name.*

*Item: the imprint of a grubby hand*

*On the storeroom wall: the bush that made a frame  
Of rambler roses round the old side door.*

*There was the sweaty harness, dark with toil,*

*The swirl of golden dust across the floor,*

*The secret sweetness of rich furrowed soil.*

*All these had been so much a part of him  
He was bewildered by his memories.*

*They saw him standing, eyes bemused and dim*

*Under the shadow of the old elm trees,*

*And wondered he was not more glad to go*

*To his daughter's house, with those who loved him so. . . .*



# Leaves From an Old Ledger

HELEN H. LAWTON

*Excerpts from a ledger, in which accounts of an early Midwestern business were recorded, give an accurate and interesting insight into economic conditions during much of the nineteenth century*

WHEN Frederick Louis Grisard left the little village of Courtelary in Switzerland to journey to the new Switzerland on the Ohio River in America in the year 1818, he took with him his wife, Marie Anne, and their ten-year-old son who bore his name. Among the little store of cherished possessions that shared with them the five long adventurous months that lay between their old home and the new, were a large French Bible and a new ledger.

In the Bible was an inscription in French in a flowing hand to the effect that "This Holy Bible belongs to me, Frederick Louis Grisard, iron worker, citizen of Villeret residing in Courtelary. Purchased in Villeret the 20th of April, 1812. Cost, 18 francs."

The ledger had upon its inside cover his name and the date, March 27, 1818, but the pages were blank. They were to be filled with the records of the new enterprise in America. America—in the colonizing of which the worker in iron, the blacksmith, had always played so important a part. From his knowledge, his strength, his ability, came the axes and hammers, nails and hinges, locks and keys, for the new homes; the farming tools and wagon fittings without which no crops could be grown and harvested; the pots and pans, the fireplace fittings, without which food could not be prepared. A great opportunity lay ahead of Frederick Louis Grisard.

The ledger lies before me, a long narrow book of linen paper that has perfectly withstood the near century and a quarter. The early records are in French and are the accounts of various men, largely with French names, in the little town of Vevay, Indiana. They contain the records of purchases made and of repairs and fashionings in the necessary iron things of a home of those days. They include chains, ploughs, horseshoes, coffee-mills, nails, picks, and keys. His personal account includes, "for carrying a letter .25; I pay M. J. F. Dufour 19; I gave the children to go to bed alone .12½; a handkerchief for Mama .37½; for postage, one letter .56¼."

As time goes on, English words creep in here and there. In 1830 a change occurs. A new handwriting appears, the accounts are kept in English, and the iron worker's shop becomes a general store. We find such entries as, "2 lbs. of shuger .62½; 7 yds. factory 1.00; a pare stokins .62½; 2 lbs. coffee .37½; 2¾ yds. green bomset 1.00; a silk hinckcheft 1.12; half quire peaper .12½; one pare of small shoes .37½; 50 feet of plank .50."

The entry, "By my father, \$13.00," shows that this new handwriting is that of the son. We see that he has learned to write English, but because his spelling is not always good we feel that he has not had the time or the opportunity for much schooling.

The records run on, a jumble of lumber, dress goods and findings, food staples, dishes, beef, writing paper, screws, nails, alum, indigo, and starch, with many payments made in eggs, butter, and other home produce.

In March 1837 comes another change. The family has grown and prospered and we find the entry, "Mar. 13, Mary Rutherford commencis work at \$1.00 per wick." And now our interest quickens. We are about to see a panorama of many girls and an economic cross section of their lives.

"Work at \$1.00 per wick." What riches did that mean to them? Their periods of service were short and birth and death did not always seem important to them. Did they stay just long enough to collect a trousseau before marrying some local swain?

Mary Rutherford draws upon the store and we find the following entries: "Mar. 28, 1 yd. calico .18¾, a bunch of wire .06¼; Apr. 5, By Thiebaud for mending shoes .75; Apr. 8, By cash 1.00; Apr. 20, By cash for a sett of year rings and a Brast Pin 4.00; Apr. 26, By a comb, a belt and a velvet rebon 1.00; May 9, By 8 yards of calico at 20 cents a yard 1.60, by 1 yard of lining .20, a bonnet 4.00, lining and trimmings for Bonnet 1.37½."

Over a month passes with only "a hinkencheft .50," bought in the interim. Then,



"June 23, a drass Patron & lining \$4.12½, a pair of Gloves .62½; July 1, To one yard rebon .18¾, July 7 By Cash for macking a drace 1.00; July 10, By cash to Goe home 1.00; July 15, By cash .50." In August she gives Mrs. Smith .31¼ and buys a parasol for 2.50. And on September 11 she is credited with "26 wicks work at \$1.00" and settles her account with the family by paying cash \$1.07½.

In four weeks she returns, for on "Oct. 8, Mary Rathaford commencis wark." The list goes on in the same way until on Sept. 2, 1838, she is credited with "\$47.00 for Fourtey-seven wicks wark," pays her employer \$2.94¾ to settle the account, and departs.

Mary Sanvier takes her place but keeps her account within her credit and breaks even at the end of "Fourty-six weeks." She is succeeded by three in quick succession, one of whom lasts but six days but leaves with a pair of shoes at 1.00 and a pair of "hoes" at .37½. Poly Bell does even better and in 24 days accumulates "13 yds. of callico" for \$3.50.

Then on "Nov. 4, 1839, Charlotte Frazier commencis wark." Charlotte waits three weeks and then goes in heavily for dress goods and shoes and breaks even in 32 weeks.

In quick succession, from 1845 to 1863, thirty-five maidens cross our little stage. We learn that flannel is 62½ cents a yard, wages advance to \$1.25 a week, a pair of mitts is 30 cents, "collone water," 20 cents, a shawl \$4.50, a pair of shoes 70 cents. It takes 20 cents' worth of material for a "sun bunett," a bed-stead costs \$4.00, muslin is ten cents a yard.

Hoop skirts at \$1.00 arrive in 1862 and now it takes 12 yards of callico at 18 cents for a dress. Shoes go up in price to \$2.50, while head nets at \$1.20 and round combs at 15 cents appear in the ledger. One Allis Deen commences work, gets "three yearlds of bleached muslin at 30 cents" and in nine days, "Left for parts unone" without bothering to collect the balance due her.

And now on September 1, 1863, the name of Hettie Welch appears near the bottom of a page and for eleven successive pages, covering a period of nineteen years, the

life of Hettie lies before us in the way her account is credited in the store. What manner of girl she was in appearance we do not know, but where the other girls paid from 60 cents to \$1.50 for having their dresses made, Hettie's pages show no such entry.

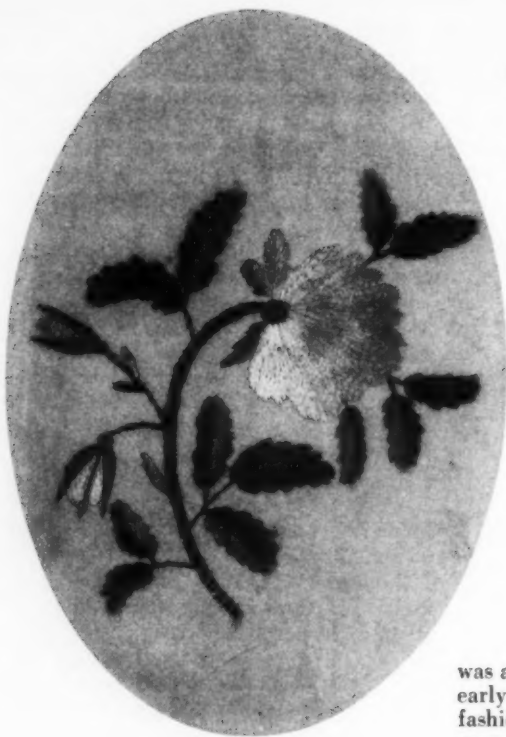
We do not know how she spends her money the first Christmas but on the second she buys a doll and some lace edging and inserting. In the summer she pays \$3.00 for a book and pays Dr. Gale \$3.50. Hoops that summer are \$2.00, shoes \$2.75, and muslin goes to 48 cents a yard.

The next year her sister gets a "vail." Hettie buys a clock for \$12.20. Is it an alarm clock to get her up those dark winter mornings when she has sewed late the night before? For her purchases of material and thread go on and on.

On January 17, 1881, the hand writing we have followed so long stops. On January 31, in another hand, are a few entries and a settlement. Then on February 20, 1881, "Miss Hettie Welch commences work with Z. C. Grisard," and thus we learn that the master has passed on.

A bedstead, mattress, sheeting, and ticking, and the inevitable list of materials and findings with cash to Mrs. John Gilbert for work done, are next. In May, 1882, she buys flowers for 35 cents and the next month pays the doctor 75 cents. Taxes, medicine for eyes, sugar of minister, follow. Then in November, 1884, nineteen years after the first entry under Hettie Welch's name, is, "medicine .40, by cash in full settlement to the last of Nov. \$66.27," and "Mary Gilbert commences work."

But what of Hettie Welch? This economic study was all very interesting, but what finally happened to Hettie? I was greatly relieved to learn, especially in view of the "medicine .40" that Hettie merely stepped over to a neighboring house to become the wife of a widower with a little boy of six years. Her useful life went on. Outliving her husband she later married another widower and lived to a good old age, active, generous, thoughtful, and beloved to the last. I was glad the story had so happy an ending.



# The Spirit of

## XXII. Embroidery

SUSAN



deed. Nothing but the finest rag paper was suitable, and the fact that specimens of this work are still in perfect condition at a century of age is proof of the high quality of the paper.

Paper making in Colonial days was a craft that required skill, and while as early as 1719 there were experiments in fashioning paper from wood, rags were the source of all high-quality paper.

AMONG the rarer forms of decorative arts of nearly a century and a half ago is embroidery on paper. This required great skill in stitchery, the very nature of the material making any correction of mistakes difficult. Each stitch had to be carefully placed and with great precision.

One of the first mentions of this work appears in an announcement in the *Boston News Letter* of July 2, 1772, when Barnard Andrews advertised among his many and various trades, the making of tassels and fringe, and "all sorts of embroidery for Men's and Women's Ware." He goes on to speak of "the Art of Paper Work" and says that "any one interested may be waited upon at their houses."

It can hardly be supposed that paper was substituted for a textile as a medium on which to display the skill of the worker for reasons of economy, for ordinary paper was both scarce and expensive. Paper of a quality that could be used for this exacting embroidery work was very expensive in-

The first mill in the United States was established by William Rittenhouse, a native of Holland, near Philadelphia, but the industry was greatly impeded both by lack of rags and skilled workers. In fact, so keen was the demand for the latter that in 1744 a soldier among the British troops stationed at Boston found to be a paper maker was furloughed, that he might work at his trade, thus enabling a paper mill which had been compelled to suspend operation for lack of skilled workmen to resume work. The rag-bag was not only a matter of thrift with the housewife for the uses these scraps could be put to in the home, but they had a definite monetary value.

Rag-bags, often quite elaborate affairs, were apt to be found in the fashionable drawing-rooms as well as the more humble homes so that every scrap of material the sewer discarded could be saved.

At the outbreak of the Revolution there were three paper mills in New England alone, all demanding rags and all hampered by the lack of them. Appeals to people to save their rags were general and constant,

# the Hand-made

on Paper

MORTON



and a suitable person was appointed in towns to collect rags for the making of paper.

A paper mill near Fort Edward in New York advertised as follows: "Save your rags! This is addressed to young ladies, middle aged, and old throughout the United States, if the necessary stock must languish in vain for tender epistles from respective swains, batchelors may be reduced to a necessity of a personal attendance, when a written communication would be a valuable substitute. For clean linen and cotton rags of every color or description, matrons can be furnished with Bibles, specticals and snuff, mothers with grammars, spelling books and primers for the children, and young misses may be supplied with bonnets, ribbons and ear-rings for the decoration of their persons (for which they may obtain husbands) by the money obtained from the contents of the rag-bag."

These embroideries on paper were used much the same as samplers, framed and hung on the wall. Among the author's collection, several embroideries of which are pictured, is one bearing the inscription "Rhoda Rogers, wrought in the 11th year of her age, 1804." One can almost see this little girl, who was one of eleven children, painstakingly placing her stitches on this bit of paper that was to remain a testimonial to her skill so many years after her fingers had ceased their work.

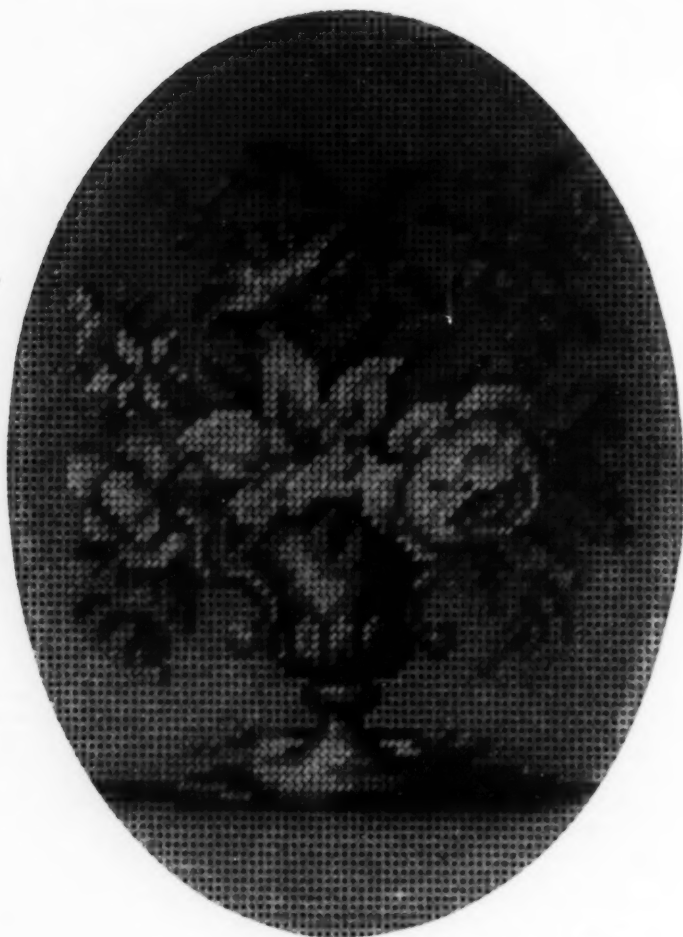
The design is a bouquet of forget-me-nots and cornflowers, exquisitely wrought in



silk. I remember well when the blue of the flowers was bright. A few years ago, when the piece was exposed to sunlight, the blue colors faded.

The flowers were done in the "over and over stitch" or what is known as the satin stitch, in present-day embroidery terms. The ribbon which ties the stems is done in chain stitch. Another popular "stitching" was petit point.

The rose was a favorite flower to portray. But the reason for its consistent use cannot be ascertained. The close placing of the stitches of such a full-petaled flower was difficult, and there were many other floral designs less exacting. Possibly the rose was a "challenge of skill" that appealed to those who took such delight in showing their cleverness with the needle and paper. Weeping willows, too, were favorites, usually for a memorial design. Often the name was placed on the tomb, which often was drawn or painted. Twin doves were used extensively for minia-



A VASE OF FLOWERS, WORKED ON PERFORATED BRISTOL BOARD WITH WOOL

ture embroideries as tokens of affection.

It is notable that many examples exist in which silk was used rather than fine-dyed cotton or wool. In such cases the needle-worker probably lived close to a seaport, where the docking of ships bringing goods from the Orient made the acquisition of silk quite simple.

The youthful Rhoda, who affixed her name to the bunch of posies, had a father who was captain of a vessel sailing from Salem to Canton. No doubt he purchased

silks for his daughters to use in the handiwork.

A little later another phase of embroidery on paper became extremely popular. Specially prepared paper or thin bristol board was perforated for designs to be worked in cross stitch. This form of embroidery became so popular that Godey's *Lady's Book* and other women's magazines of the period devoted considerable space to patterns which could be transferred for this special type of embroidery on paper. Wall mottoes

fashioned on cardboard in cross-stitch continued to be popular throughout the entire Victorian period. "God Bless Our Home," and "Peace Be Still" were displayed universally. The story is told of a worthy divine, his patience worn by a large and noisy family, who changed the motto "Peace Be Still" to "Please Be Still" and hung it on his study door.

With the growing popularity of this work, varied uses were found besides the purely decorative wall mottoes and pictures. These were watch cases for hanging the watch on the wall, catch-alls, picture frames, napkin rings, and baskets. The latter were made in sections, often elaborately embroidered, then fastened together with interlacing ribbons, and the whole lined with silk. Perhaps the most common of all—popular for several decades—was

the book-mark. These ranged from simple, childish expressions of artistic remembrance such as "I'll Keep the Place," "Token of Love," "Forget-Me-Not," to intricate designs surrounding an initial or motto, the whole lined with silk or satin ribbon.

Much of this work was done with the sheer wool thread used so much at that time for crewel embroidery, although silk was still in vogue.

While exacting, this perforated work did not require the precision and skill that its predecessor, embroidery on plain paper, demanded. But some of these bits of embroidery on the perforated paper were very fine examples of needlework. As time goes on, they will become collector's prizes just as the older examples of embroidery on paper already are.



A BOOK-MARK OF THE  
VICTORIAN ERA



# Unbending Grace

ANNETTE COWLING

*Apropos of the article on woman's accessories which appeared in the April issue as one of the series, "The Spirit of the Hand-made," the following article describes in greater detail the busk or bus board which became a "must" during the 1840's*

ONCE upon a time in the long-ago 40's, maids and mothers wore an ingenious contrivance of remote origin called the corset board. Lest there are those who have not heard of it, here is a description of it as told me by my mother who was a young lady when they were in fashion. Who knows but their use may have dated back beyond our Pilgrim mothers, or back even farther to the ladies of the royal courts, whose regal bearing surpassed in stateliness, though not in winsomeness, the young ladies and women of our day.

The young people in those days were what might be termed prim. And when I say prim, I do not mean prim in the ordinary meaning or definition of the word—precise, or formally neat—but erect in posture, sitting or standing. Through all my life, the thought of my mother or her sister Sallie has brought to mind a picture of aristocratic poise. One might term it unbending grace, like the beauty of the calla lily, or the attractiveness of the palm tree.

There seemed to be a reason for this bearing, as if it were more a force of habit than of studied grace. The following explanation reveals the secret.

Before the days of the corset, with stays of candle-wick and later of whalebone, it was customary for the women to make a close fitting waist or bodice. At the front closing, an extra piece of cloth was sewed the entire length of the waist, making a sheath in which to slip a conventional length board. These were sometimes made by young men as presents to their sweethearts. The boards were made of pliable wood of a thickness to admit of a slight bending of the body, but not thin enough to break, and were finished off according to the fancy of the maker, sometimes stained, sometimes painted, and sometimes finished in the natural wood to show the graining. And, if the young suitor was artistic, he painted a spray of flowers or a rose in the

center of the board, and outlined the edge with a border of forget-me-nots or some other small flower likely to please the eye of his sweetheart. Oft-times a verse accompanied the gift like the following, which was written in 1842:

Beloved, to you I now present  
A sincere heartfelt sentiment,  
A little gift which you may take  
And keep as for a lover's sake.

Now, a peculiar habit was formed through the wearing of the busk board. At that time, as you know, sewing machines were unknown as a household necessity. Elias Howe was just perfecting the first lock stitch machine. Everything was hand sewed. The young ladies were adepts in making fine seams, and what with yards and yards of tucks, ruffled flounces edged with lace, and puffed and ruffled shirt fronts for fathers, brothers and sweethearts, needles were kept flying. When necessary to stop a moment to adjust a seam, roll a fine hem, or measure to a nicety the regulation length of a chemise front, a habit was formed of sticking the point of the needle into the corset board instead of in the pin-cushion. This habit was carried over by many women even after years of wearing the boned corset. After observing many times this apparently unconscious habit on the part of my mother, childish curiosity finally got the better of me and the explanation was given. The habit was so firmly fixed that it was a matter of unconscious action on her part.

When the subject of corset boards has been mentioned by me at different times, only an occasional person has remembered that somewhere among older relatives, there has been such an article worn. Yet at that time no costume was complete without it, and its very novelty would recommend it as a worthwhile addition to a collection of "Ye Olde Tyme" wearing apparel, especially of the 1840's.



# One More Mountain

CECIL COBB WESLEY

*The following true story of a soldier of the American Revolution, John Fore, was told to the author's grandfather many years ago. It gives a true picture of privations suffered during the period when our independence was being gained*

TOWARD the close of the last day the soldier from Georgia sat, slumped into a lifeless bundle of human flesh, frightened, cringing, staring at his captors with terrified eyes. He knew that this was his last day for every day the other soldiers had died, two by two, in the greatest torment, to the merriment of Nickajack's braves. Now only Hampton and he were left. Today, just as the sun would drop behind the mountain and shadows crawl up through the valley, festivities would begin—festivities for the Cherokees, torture for the two white men, to whose groans the Cherokees would dance. Then hours later would come merciful unconsciousness and death.

John Fore did not fear death, for he was one of Nathanael Greene's men—already turned sixteen—accustomed to tramp the mountain country of Carolina. For six months he had fought the Red Coats and the Tory dogs, starved, cold, always facing death. He was terrified at the manner of death. And he was humiliated that he and his comrades had fallen, not into the hands of the British, but of the Cherokee savages.

Into his mind came the strangest visions as he looked into the heavens and noticed that the sun was far past the meridian. He began to visualize the pleasant days when as a child he had played with his sister outside the cabin in the red hill country of Georgia. He saw the fields of cotton and corn, forever biting away into the wilderness; he saw his mother running out of the cabin to take him in her arms when a rain fell suddenly; and he saw his family climbing into their ox carts driving away to camp meeting when their crops were laid by. In these pleasant memories he found a moment's refuge from reality.

Gradually sanity returned. He saw about him the filthy savages, huddled around pots of vile food, every one sticking his fingers into the same pot. His loathing for these people was as great as

his fear. Deep within him something stirred. The fire of his Anglo-Saxon race rushed through his blood and he determined that he would not let them kill him—he, a soldier in the Continental army, a fighter for equal rights for all people would not meet so ignoble a death.

Frantically he considered escape. Perhaps, he thought, the army, missing the scouts who had gone to clear a site for camp, would send a detachment to rescue them. Yet he remembered that for nearly a week now twelve men had been lost in the wilderness and no rescuers had come. He thought he might spring forward and with his strong arms tear into the enemy as he had often seen a panther attack its prey. He would be overpowered and killed, yet his death would be worthy of one of Greene's men. But as he looked at Hampton, dumb with fear, Fore knew that he could not die before Hampton. He recalled the prayers he had heard at camp meetings and he wondered if he, like the exhorters, might speak with God. He closed his eyes but words would not come, only an instinctive groping of his mind toward its Creator was his prayer. He turned to Hampton and said timidly: "Maybe the Lord God will help us."

"What?" the frightened soldier asked.

"The Lord God."

"What?" he repeated, too frightened to understand.

"Ain't you ever heard of the Lord?"

"What?" was still the reply.

Fore knew that this was no time to discuss theology, so he sat silent.

Just then several braves approached and made signs that they were to follow. Obediently they went, being drained of all will to resist. They meekly walked away to the deep pine woods. The ground was covered with dead pine needles which the trees had been dropping for centuries. Even before the Cherokees had come to possess the land,

the needles had been falling and piling beneath the trees. The Indians walked without noise, but the white men plowed a furrow through the needles as they stalked dumbly forward. Across the mountain came the evening call of the whip-poor-will.

Fore looked at the pines, and, being a native woodsman, instinctively admired their beauty and utility. He looked again toward the horizon and noticed with horror that the sun was dropping. His arms were weak as he stooped to pick up the pine sticks that would kill him tonight. A tremor came over him as his hand touched them. He felt dizzy and he thought that the Cherokees were dancing madly about him. But as he steadied himself he saw that his own dizziness caused the delusion and the Indians were looking at him with a hideous grin on their faces.

As they walked back to camp Fore almost reached the point of insanity. Hallucinations tantalized him. He seemed to be running away from the Savages, outdistancing them easily and Hampton was beside him; yet here he was walking slowly through the pines to his grave. Again came to his ears the sound of marching feet and everywhere were Greene's men searching through the woods for him; yet here he was walking slowly through the pines to his grave. He seemed again to be in his bed at home, buried deeply in a feather mattress. He was awaking from an unpleasant dream and telling his Mother of the Savages he had seen in this dream—Savages who had tried to kill him and bury him among the pines of Carolina; soon reality separated itself from this vision and he knew that the Savages were all about him hemming him in.

The white men completed their task so early that the Indians had still another for them. They must help wash "connehanee" for their supper, so off they started toward the river. Only one guard accompanied them, a young brave named Notla who slipped along behind. Fore could speak a few words of the Cherokee language for near his settlement in Georgia one tribe of Cherokees had lived in friendly relations with the Whites. He asked Notla to help wash the "connehanee."

Notla obligingly stooped between the white men and dipped his hands into the river. Just back of them Fore noticed a large limb which had been torn from its tree last night when a strong wind had come down through the pines. He remembered to have heard the roar as he lay tossing about on the ground, squirming in the leaves, trying to find a moment of forgetfulness in sleep. With every nerve he grabbed this limb and struck with all his power on Notla's bowed head.

"Uh" was the last sound Notla ever uttered. The three men touched the water at the same time, Notla tumbling in unconsciously. The soldiers dived in a desperate effort to save their lives. They swam quickly, shivering as the cool breezes struck their wet bodies when they reached the other side. They looked back and saw the smooth water undisturbed. They knew that the body of Notla lay sprawled in the mud at the bottom of the river.

They slipped into the wilderness as quickly as they had dived into the water and it closed behind them. They did not step aside for any obstacle—blackberry briars, deep marshes, low-hanging branches, or thorn bushes. Their bodies were tired for the food of the Indians had been sickening and what poor appetites to eat! And the anxiety that had clung to their minds both day and night had drained them of their energy. Yet the will to live drove them on and on into the wilderness.

Finally Hampton pulled Fore's arm and said: "Maybe we ought to follow the river."

"The devils roam up and down these river bottoms. Let's get away from their territory as fast as we can."

"But we can swim in the river and they can't track us."

"That's right. They'll never let us get away. We'll have to outrun them. One way or another our lives ain't worth a whoop in pokeberry time. But let's don't go back."

"We might run into more of 'em this way."

"Let's go on," Fore replied and they began running again.

Sometimes a frightened deer sprang up from his sleep and rattled the leaves in his escape and sometimes a little creature of

the night hurried away from them as they approached; otherwise only the noises of the woods disturbed them—the cry of the screech owl or the falling of a leaf.

Occasionally the moon came out from behind flying clouds and made weird shadows across their path and far to the north they saw intermittent flashes of lightning.

"If it will only rain," Fore whispered when they stopped to rest. "A good rain would wash away our tracks."

But it did not rain. Toward morning every cloud drifted out of the sky and the moon shone brightly until the coming day drove it away.

"I can't go on much longer," Hampton said, his voice hardly more than a whisper. "Let's lay down and rest."

"We can't stop here," Fore answered, "But we will find a place to hide. We will hide out by day and travel by night. But first we'll have to eat."

Looking across the woods he said: "I believe that's a creek over there to the northwest. There ought to be a batch of muscadines ripe."

They drank from the creek, then looked about for muscadines. Fore's knowledge of the woods brought them to a few vines growing along the creek bank. After having eaten they looked for a place to hide. They soon found a large, uprooted oak lying across the creek. It was hollow inside and its jagged roots lay against the protecting bank of the creek. They slipped down the bank and crawled inside the tree. Drowsiness soon overcame them in the warm, close log and they slept.

Fore awoke with a faint sense of uneasiness. As consciousness came to him and he became familiar with his surroundings, he stirred restlessly, fear nagging at his thoughts. From far away he thought he heard a disturbing sound, the sound of human voices. He woke Hampton gently and urged him to keep quiet while they listened. The Indians were coming. The fear, despair, and terror that came over them at that moment could never have been surpassed in any human heart. About them lay a wilderness. Their bodies were broken with fatigue and their minds were paralyzed with fear. Coming closer and closer was an

enemy as fierce as human cruelty has ever produced.

They lay still, hardly moving, hardly breathing. Fore's first impulse was to run, yet somehow he could not. He had seen a snake paralyze a bird so that it could not fly away, just as he was now unable to run. The Indians, with their uncanny powers, had tracked them all the way from camp and had come, at last, to the log. He closed his eyes and waited, expecting to be seized.

Though the Indians had come to the log and seemed to be sitting on it, still they did not look inside. They discoursed among themselves in loud voices. They had followed the soldiers through the woods without missing a step, yet their intelligence stopped at the log. They could not tell where the soldiers had gone. They drank water from the creek, they organized scouting parties and searched the neighborhood, they looked up into the trees, but not one time did they think to look inside the log. At last they admitted that the feet of these strange white men left no mark upon the earth. They went home, defeated.

"Well, we're rid of them devils," Fore remarked when the Indians had gone safely out of sight. "An Indian knows when he is beat. They'll not be worrying us any more. We're free men now."

"Free for what?" Hampton wondered.

"To find our way back to the army."

"But how? How can we get out of these woods? Which way can we go?"

"Straight ahead, for we don't want to run no risks of meeting up with them devils again."

"But we'll be sure to run into more of them toward the west. There's nothing in this land but Indians and woods."

"We might find a trapper or a scout or friendly Indians."

"Friendly Indians? There ain't no such thing. God only knows what we can do."

"You can do what you please. But I ain't dying here. I'm going on."

So at nightfall they crawled out of the log and began looking about for huckleberries and muscadines.

"Tomorrow we'll try to catch a mess of fish in some of these rivers or snare a rab-

bit. Once," Fore said hopefully, "I killed a squirrel with a rock."

When they had eaten berries they went again into the wilderness.

After days of travelling they lost trace of time. They watched many a day slip down from the mountains and spread over the earth. Then they would crawl into a log or a cave or into a pine thicket and sleep. They awoke as the day dropped at last over the distant mountains and they rose and began their weary walking toward no particular destination. They walked because they must move about to keep warm and because they must search for food and because a relentless desire to find their way out of the wilderness whipped their tired bodies over mountains and through valleys. They finally lost count of the number of times they had got up from their hard beds and started again into the wilderness. They remembered that the trees had a tinge of red and yellow when they first escaped and that now everywhere great masses of color spread before them. Several mornings they saw frost in high spots and only in sheltered places could they find a handful of fox grapes to eat. They trapped a few rabbits and birds. At night they stopped often to rest and to build fires to warm themselves. During the day they cuddled closely together. Always their steps were slower and slower and the distance they covered was short indeed.

For several days they did not see the sun. Menacing clouds hovered low over the tops of the trees and Fore, looking up would say: "Bad weather's a-brewin'".

Hampton nodded in agreement. Neither spoke often now. So much effort was required to speak. They merely walked silently. The fear of Indians was constantly with them. Once at sundown, they heard the scream of a panther as he killed his prey. Hampton stopped and stared in horror, but Fore comforted him: "It's only a panther and he won't attack us."

"I kinder wish he would," Hampton whispered.

Fore did not answer, though he sometimes thought the panther's teeth might be more merciful than the wilderness or any of its other inhabitants, or even the merciless winter that was coming on. Mus-

cadines were fast disappearing from the uplands. All other berries and wild fruit had long gone, except here and there in swamps a few fox grapes.

"These fox grapes don't give a man much strength," Fore complained every time they stopped to eat them. "Tomorrow let's set a trap for a rabbit and stay by it till one comes along and gets in it." Hampton willingly agreed.

When Fore saw wild geese flying over one day he pointed to them and said: "I reckon you know what they mean."

"Winter," Hampton replied, briefly, then in a whisper he added: "I wish we had a-died with the others."

The next morning they both woke early and, crawling from the bed of leaves where they had slept, saw the sun shining. It warmed their bodies and aroused in them a desperate will to live. They started out more briskly than they had gone in many a day.

Soon, however, Hampton stopped with the exclamation: "Look! Look at the sun. We're not going west any more."

They did not know when they had changed their course, but they noticed that they were veering toward the north.

"I've heard the old folks tell about how a white man, when he gets lost, roams around in a circle and finally comes right back where he started from." Now a new fear began nibbling away at their spirits.

Their greatest despair came one day, just at dusk, when they arrived, rather unexpectedly, at a river.

"My God," Hampton exclaimed, "Here's that same river again."

They looked about but saw no familiar landmark.

"No," Fore said, "This is not the same river."

"It may be a different spot, but, by heaven, I believe it's the same river."

"It can't be. We've been walking away from that river for weeks. It can't be."

"I'm going to jump in," Hampton declared.

"Me too," Fore replied, "And swim across."

The cold water revived Fore somewhat and when he noticed that Hampton made no effort to swim, he grasped his shoulder and

pulled him along saying: "Swim, you coward, swim. Now is no time to die."

They stalked along for many more days until weariness finally reduced them to dumb creatures looking for wild grapes or a chestnut tree. But a few weeks ago, they believed so strongly in the new theory of democracy that they had taken their flint locks and gone off to join Green to establish in their wild new land justice and opportunity for all men. But now they had been stripped of their ideals. Lacking the instincts of an animal, they were now wild things looking for food and a warm place to hide from the cold.

One afternoon, after having slept poorly, Fore said: "We had better start on." Hampton hesitated for a long time, then he said: "John, I ain't going."

"What?"

"I ain't going."

Fore looked at him and thought that never in his life had he seen a man so disconsolate. Thin, pale, drawn, tired, he looked an old man, and an old man without hope.

"I'm going to stay here and die—die tonight, too, for I can't go on. I can't go on. I'm going to die."

Fore covered him with pine brush and said: "Rest a while, Hampton. Go to sleep if you can. A man mustn't talk that way. You can't die till the Lord is ready to take you. We must go on. Let's climb one more mountain and see what's on the other side."

But Hampton shook his head.

"One more mountain," Fore urged. It seemed to him that the wind began to moan to the pines: "One more mountain." Then everything became dark and he lost consciousness.

When Fore awoke the sun was shining. He had slept through the afternoon and the night and the next morning was far advanced. He looked at Hampton and saw that he was sleeping, so, arousing him, he urged him to get up and go along over the mountain.

But Hampton was adamant. He had lost the will to climb mountains. "Just one mountain after another. There's no end to them."

"Let's climb just one more mountain and see what's on the other side. Besides, chest-

nuts will be falling soon and I'm thinking this is a good chestnut country. If we run into some chestnuts on the mountain we can live here all fall."

"I don't aim to live here all fall," Hampton assured him.

"Then let's climb just this one and if there's nothing on the other side, let's die."

So they climbed slowly up the mountain side. Near the top they found a few chestnut trees and ate and rested. The food revived them and they went on until they came to the top.

"What do you see?" Fore asked.

"Not a thing but mountains. There's nothing else to see."

"No, I guess there ain't."

"Look good. My eyes somehow can't see as far as they used to."

"I've looked as good as my eyes can see. Wait a minute. What's that over toward the east?"

"My eyes are dim. I can't tell."

"Is it smoke?"

"It must be mist."

"It is rising like smoke."

"It is smoke." They sat down and looked for a long time at the two or three lines of smoke that rose above the highest peak.

"It is just another batch of Indians," Hampton said, dolefully.

"I'm thinking it is not. Indians don't build several fires so close together. It is a white settlement. But we'll never know till we've gone over to see."

"I'm running into no more Indian camps."

"We'll slip up on them."

They ate plenty of chestnuts and carried as many with them as they could. Buoyed by hope for an instant, then depressed by fear, they hurried on, travelling by day now so that they might never lose sight of the smoke.

They approached its source late in the afternoon of the third day for the smoke had been visible for many a mile. They thought they saw in the damp earth the faint imprint of a shoe, but they would not allow themselves the luxury of hope.

Then they heard, from across the slope, the voice of a woman singing. A young girl, slinging a bucket, was going to the

(Continued on page 73)





*Courtesy the Brady Library*

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT WITH CAPTAIN P. DRAYTON ON BOARD THE U.S.S. HARTFORD

## Around *the* Calendar with Famous Americans

XI. David Glasgow Farragut (July 5, 1801—August 14, 1870)

LOUISE HARTLEY

**F**EW men have made a record for themselves comparable to that of David Glasgow Farragut, who became a midshipman at nine years of age, was appointed Rear Admiral in 1862, Vice Admiral in 1864, and full Admiral in 1866. The latter was an office created for him.

Coming from a family noted for its bravery generations before him in the Mediterranean Minorca Islands, David followed in his illustrious ancestors' footsteps. His father, George Farragut, a native of the Islands, came to America in 1776. He soon espoused the cause of the colonists and gave faithful service in a cavalry contingent of the Continental Army. It is claimed that during the encounter at Cowpens, George Farragut was instrumental in saving the life of Colonel George Washington.

After the Revolution, the family settled near Knoxville, Tennessee, where David

was born, and later moved to New Orleans, where the early life of David was filled with interesting expeditions with his father who was on duty at that port. These trips included sea voyages to Florida and Cuba and across Lake Pontchartrain.

Unfortunately, when the boy was scarcely eight years old his mother died during one of those dreadful yellow fever epidemics. At the same time, Commander David Porter, sailing master of the United States Navy and a close friend of the Farraguts, lost his father in this epidemic. The Commander allowed David to accompany him on several sea junkets, became attached to the lad, and eventually adopted the motherless boy. This was the beginning of a long and eventful naval career for David.

Although David really never knew childhood in the ordinary sense, his early years were filled with thrills of escapes from sea



pirates, typhoons, and hazardous expeditions—a record which might well be the envy of any natural boy.

The precocious lad spent the year following his adoption in a naval academy with the result of an appointment as midshipman in the Navy, effective December 10, 1810.

David made his first long voyage under orders of his benefactor, Commander David Porter, and spent the next two years cruising with him on the frigate *Essex*.

Orders for naval maneuvers were coming fast at this period which marked the beginning of the War of 1812. David's joy knew no bounds when secret orders came for the *Essex* to join Bambridge's squadron in West Indian waters. The purpose of the mission was to cruise in the track of British merchantmen. However, orders included a warning "in the failure of not overtaking the British fleet, to use their own discretion." Unfortunately, the *Essex* was thrown off her regular course, resulting in many "hair-raising" experiences in the Pacific and exploitations in the islands of the Galapagos group. Farragut's own account of this voyage abounds with interest and adventure. He apparently had plenty of time for his writings as the *Essex* was blockaded there for three months.

Growing weary of the blockade, Commander Porter attempted to escape early in May and would probably have been successful, "had not the main-mast gone by the board." Although now only thirteen, David covered himself with glory during an encounter with the British. David performed the duties of quarter-gunner, powder-boy, and in fact was general flunkey for the officers on duty. Consequently, Commander Porter recommended David for citation of bravery, stating that "although he was too young to be eligible for promotion, David's daring and courage should be awarded." Thereafter he was known as the "little admiral."

Much encouraged by this gesture, David now decided to learn all phases of naval life and forthwith volunteered his services as surgeon's assistant. "Up before day arranging bandages and plasters and spending most of the day attending to the want of patients in various ways," David wrote in his journal.

Having manifested his ability and love for the life of the Navy, David returned to New York to study. He was placed under the tutorship of "Old Neif," one of Napoleon's famous guards, who taught without books, requiring his pupils to take notes and pass most strenuous examinations. This was the foundation for David Farragut's success as a naval officer, plus his natural strategic "hunches."

In November 1814, having attained the rank of petty officer, Farragut was ordered for duty in the Mediterranean. Sometime later he was ordered back to America to pass examinations for a full commission. Passing this examination "none too well," as he expressed it, David was stationed at Norfolk.

Later in 1822, young David joined Commander Porter when his fleet sailed for the West Indies. On this expedition, David again distinguished himself. He narrowly escaped being a victim of yellow fever, and helped care for and bury at sea all but two of the twenty-five officers of his crew who were victims of the dreaded fever.

Finally, however, in 1825, this malady which had taken away his mother and many of his closest friends, all but conquered David. He was dangerously ill for a long time but was spared for greater things. On recovery, he was again honored, this time by a Lieutenant's commission for which he had apparently worked and waited all these years.

Farragut made a permanent place for himself in the United States Navy by dogged persistence. The United States Government had great faith in him which was manifested by the many commissions conferred upon him. His highest achievement, however, was the commission of full Admiral, the rank given to him in 1866.

History records Farragut's numerous hazardous naval expeditions, among them his success in opening the Mississippi River to New Orleans, followed by his victory at Mobile Bay aboard the famous flagship *Hartford*, during the War Between the States. His deeds of valor will be perpetuated as the historic *Hartford* has been brought to the naval base in Washington, D. C., and is being restored for posterity.

# The Edmund Terrell Tragedy

"PERC" TURNER

LAWRENCE COUNTY, INDIANA, a part of the vast area in the southern part of the state, gained by three Indian treaties with the United States Government—the Vincennes Tract in 1803, the Grouseland Treaty in 1805, and the Harrison Purchase in 1809—was singularly free from Indian depredations in its early days, only two tragedies being recorded in its history. However, there was another that has only recently come to light.

About a mile northeast of the little village of Heltonville, not far from the Lawrence-Monroe County line, stands an old log barn that once housed one of the pioneer settlers of the county. Built about 1820, of hand-hewn poplar, ash and walnut logs, it is, in all probability, the oldest house left standing on its original site in the county.

This old house was built by Edmund Terrell, who came to Lawrence County a few years previous to 1820, from Kentucky. Terrell's family consisted of a wife and several children.

Edmund Terrell was one Lawrence County pioneer who was killed by Indians about whom the histories are silent. His cabin stood beside an Indian trail that led from the white settlement at Leesville, a few miles south, to an Indian village in Jackson County, near the headwaters of what is now called Henderson Creek. He was killed a few years after the cabin was built, while working in a nearby clearing.

According to the story, told by Mrs. Mary Houshour, a great-granddaughter, Terrell was working alone, one day, in his clearing just south of his cabin, when a band of Indians came up the trail, headed for the village farther up the creek. Seeing the man alone, they attacked and killed him.

At the time of the attack, Terrell's wife, Sally, and a daughter, Theresa, about twelve years old, were the only other members of the family at the cabin. They ran inside the cabin and barred the heavy, oaken door. Mrs. Terrell hid the daughter behind some barrels and then climbed up into the loft.

The Indians attacked the cabin after killing and scalping Terrell. Crouched in the loft, Mrs. Terrell heard the heavy, oaken

door finally give way under the terrific battering of the Indians and as it fell, she leaped from a window with a feather-bed wrapped about her and ran across the clearing in an effort to escape. For a moment the savages, frightened at the cumbersome object that ran from the house, stood in awe, but at last some of the more venturesome of the younger braves loosed their arrows and Mrs. Terrell was wounded.

Turning their attention from the fleeing woman, the Indians entered the cabin. They soon discovered the daughter, hidden behind the barrels, and took her away with them.

The trail over which the Indians were traveling was rough and flinty. Theresa was barefooted and her feet were soon cut and bleeding and she began to lag behind. Some of the younger braves cut sticks, sharpened them, and prodded her heels to make her keep going. At last she could stand it no longer and fell, exhausted, on the trail.

After the girl fell on the trail the Indians debated her fate among themselves for a time. Some of the younger ones were for killing her there, but the older warriors counseled taking her alive to the camp. The latter prevailed and she was left with an old squaw who was ordered to doctor her feet until they were healed enough for her to walk and then bring her on to the camp.

Left alone with the old squaw, Theresa bided her time, and one dark night, when the squaw relaxed her vigilance for a moment, she made her escape. Making her way back over the trail to her home, she rejoined her mother and grew to womanhood, married a man by the name of Turpin, and raised a family of her own.

Such is the story of the Terrell tragedy. The old log cabin which he built, and the land on which it stands, are now owned by the great-granddaughter, Mrs. George Houshour. The bottom logs of the old building have rotted away at the west end and the clay chinking is gone from between the cracks, but it is still used by the Houshours to house their stock and feed, and to concretely illustrate the story of how their ancestor was killed by the Indians.

# County Seat Wars in Martin County, Indiana

"PERC" TURNER

AMONG the many pioneer landmarks of southern Indiana, a stately old residence at Dover Hill, built of native sandstone blocks, still stands as a mute reminder that of all the counties in the Hoosier State, Martin holds the record of having had the greatest number of county seat changes. From the date of its organization as a county, in 1820, until shortly after the War Between the States, the seat of justice was located in six different towns, and even then, so great was the task of satisfying all the people that on three other occasions changes in the location were ordered only to be rescinded later.

Hindostan, one of the earliest settlements in the county, was the first county seat, having been selected in 1820 when the county was organized. For seven years Hindostan thrived as the county seat of Martin County but in 1827 the town was almost completely wiped out by a terrible plague and in March, 1828, the commissioners ordered the county seat moved to Mt. Pleasant, a thriving little village located about two and one-half miles east of the present site of Loogootee.

For the next sixteen years the county seat remained at Mt. Pleasant but in 1844 the people started an agitation for a change, petitioning for a more central location because of the fact that the county was becoming more thickly populated, especially in the northern part. The change was approved by the Legislature, a Court House site at Dougherty's Shoals, near Halbert's Bluffs, was donated by Joel Halbert, and the town of Memphis was platted to become the third county seat. But before the summer was over the people again became dissatisfied and the county seat was removed to Harrisonville, now called Trinity Springs, without a single county building having been erected at Memphis.

Still the voters were not satisfied. A few months later the Legislature was again called upon to act on another re-location petition and in 1845 another site was chosen. The new location was platted

under the name of Hillsborough and a Court House and jail built. The Court House was a two-story brick building that has long since been razed while the jail, which has since been converted into a residence and still stands after almost a century has passed, was built of native sandstone blocks, approximately two feet by ten inches. Seemingly, the people of Martin County at last were satisfied with the location of their seat of justice, though they did tire of the name, Hillsborough, and in 1848 changed it to Dover Hill.

Dover Hill continued as the county seat of Martin County from 1845 until after the Civil War but in 1866 agitation was again started for a change. The O. and M. railway had been completed a few years before, and since the town of Dover Hill was situated three miles from the railroad, a petition was presented to the commissioners, asking that the county seat be moved to Memphis, the site selected early in 1844. One year later the commissioners acted upon the petition and ordered the seat of justice of the county moved—not to Memphis but to the new town of Loogootee, at that time the largest town in the county.

The action of the commissioners in locating the county seat at Loogootee so far from satisfied those of the people who had favored Memphis as the new location that they set up so vigorous a protest that the order was finally rescinded and Harrisonville, for the second time, was named as the county seat. However, the fight continued until 1869 when Memphis was finally selected and Dover Hill abandoned.

Shortly after Memphis was chosen as the county seat the town was re-chartered as West Shoals. A two-story Court House was built in 1870, but six years later, in 1876, it was totally destroyed by fire. Pending erection of the present Court House, the county offices were again moved, this time just across the river, to Shoals, where they remained until the completion of the

(Continued on page 72)

# A Dream Come True

MARGARET L. G. RUPP

**D**ID YOU EVER WONDER what would become of your lovely heirlooms after you had migrated to the Land where heirlooms will not much matter? Will your frivolous nieces cherish the family spinning wheel? Will your banker son appreciate the willowware? Will your very modern grandchildren feel any affection for the old davenport, which is not exactly streamlined? And most of all, what of your precious home itself, every nook and cranny of which holds for you a tender meaning?

This was the problem of a little old lady who lived along the banks of the blue Juniata in the town of Newport in the County of Perry in the State of Pennsylvania. Upon their marriage in 1889, Katherine Leiby Howe and Horace Beard built a comfortable home and had high ideals of hospitality. Brilliant parties were held there; friends and relative were graciously entertained; plays were coached; and leading organizations had their plans laid in the living room of the Beard home.

A lovely flower garden flourished with rose slips and tulip bulbs representing the nurture of four generations of the family. Springtime found the beds a riot of color, roses bloomed all through the summer months, and the regal lilies and pale blue delphinium made a heavenly picture.

The years brought changes. The husband died, and upon the death of the only child, Louise, in 1936, the mother found herself well along in years and entirely alone in the thirteen-room house.

Although mourning deeply, she cherished a dream which was two-fold: an unusual plan for the disposition of her home and also of her heirlooms. The latter she had in abundance. What would be trash to some folks was to her valued vases, cherished china, and precious paintings. Her father having died young, she lived in the farm home of her grandparents whom she loved so fondly that she had always preserved many of their household articles. Thus the life of the 1820's, the 30's, and on up to the 60's was reflected among her possessions, as well as the customs of her own era. In her last year she went over every inch of her home, marking

and explaining many articles and listing all in notebooks. There was much conjecture as to her plans.

Upon her sudden death in 1938 the will revealed that the home was left as a community center in memory of her daughter, to be known as the "Louise Beard Memorial" for the "material, moral, intellectual, and aesthetic welfare of the community centering in Newport." She left in trust a substantial sum for the upkeep and a smaller sum for immediate changes and repairs.

However, added funds would be necessary for running expenses. If the community center were not in working order within a year the house and funds were to revert to the estate. It was a challenge to the town people, which they gallantly met. Benefits were planned, organizations promised rentals for the privilege of meeting there, and life memberships were donated. Downstairs partitions were torn out to form one large assembly room and the entire interior refinished. Then one Sunday afternoon in spring a formal dedication was held, and in spite of a pouring rain there was a capacity audience.

The second part of Katherine Beard's dream was a museum in the upstairs of the home to house the antiques. This idea she confided to her nearest relative, who was also one of her executors, and all this has now come to pass.

The exhibits, almost six hundred of them, are arranged in chronological order, properly labeled, and catalogued. The museum reflects almost one hundred and fifty years of the life of a typical Pennsylvania community.

As a result, a new interest in things historical has manifested itself in Newport and vicinity. The Perry County Historical Society has utilized space in the community center for a collection of antiques also. Here the Society holds its annual meeting, which is all very fitting since Katherine Beard was an active member of the group and a treasurer.

The Louise Beard Memorial is indeed a dream come true. Katherine, by her vision and forethought, has preserved her heirlooms and her home for the enjoyment of generations yet unborn.



ANNIE EVA HOWE GLANDING AND KATHERINE LEIBY HOWE BEARD, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE MADE ABOUT 1863, WHICH IS NOW A PART OF THE MUSEUM COLLECTION IN THE LOUISE BEARD MEMORIAL AT NEWPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

# La Crosse The Beautiful

GENEVE CALDWELL

"**B**EAUTIFUL for situation" may well be applied to La Crosse, Wisconsin, located on a level stretch of land, bounded on the east by wooded bluffs and on the west by the "Father of Waters." The site is at the confluence of the Black and La Crosse rivers with the Mississippi, while a little to the south the Root river enters it from the Minnesota side. Across the river, a few miles distant, other bluffs complete the scene over which presides "Grandad Bluff," the "Great Stone Face" of this locality. It may be easily understood why this spot became a meeting place for neighboring Indians, both for trade and for sport.

It is generally believed that the first white man to view this prairie was Father Hennepin when he was exploring the upper Mississippi in 1680. More than one hundred and sixty years passed before the first permanent white settler arrived. This was in 1842, so La Crosse expects to celebrate her centennial within two years.

In 1805 Zebulon M. Pike made this entry in the diary which recorded events of his upward trip on the Mississippi: "September 12th . . . passed a prairie called La Crosse from a game of ball played frequently on it by the Sioux Indians. This prairie is very handsome: it has a small square hill similar to one mentioned by Carver. It is bounded in the rear by hills similar to (those of) Prairie Des Chien." Two days later, Pike recorded the following, inspired by a view from the summit of a Minnesota bluff: ". . . We had a most sublime and beautiful prospect. On the right we saw the mountains we passed in the morning and the prairie in the rear; like distant clouds the mountains at Prairie La Crosse; on our left and under our feet, the valley between two barren hills through which the Mississippi wound itself by numerous channels, forming many beautiful islands as far as the eye could embrace the scene; and our four boats under full sail, their flags streaming before the wind. It was altogether a prospect so variegated and romantic that a man may scarcely expect to enjoy such a one but twice or thrice

in the course of his life." Pike refers to the bluffs as "hills," again as "mountains." The elevation of Grandad is 1172 feet above sea level and 550 feet above the river.

Nearly forty years after Pike's expedition, Nathan Myrick started a trading-post on the site of La Crosse. At the time of its semi-centennial celebration, Mr. Myrick, unable to attend, prepared a long article: "Reminiscences of Early Times." "There was no timber there to build, only a few oak shrubs. For this reason the first shelter was on an island and when the river was frozen over, logs were hauled on the ice by hand sleds and the first structure was erected." This spot is marked by a granite boulder and also a bronze tablet placed by the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Incidentally, it may be stated that La Crosse is now noted for its beautiful trees.

Much controversy has arisen in the past in regard to the origin of the name La Crosse. Various spellings have been given: Prairie Crossette, Prairie le Cros, Prairie de la Cross, and others. Many have asserted that the name was derived from a cross placed here in the early days by some missionary or devout chevalier. The explanation generally accepted is that La Crosse is the French name for an Indian game which became popular with the whites. To support this the French name for cross is "croix," which has been used as St. Croix River, while "crosse" refers to a bishop's crozier which resembles somewhat the netted stick used in the game "shinney." Mr. Myrick favored the latter theory. In the article mentioned he wrote: "In 1843 I was appointed postmaster under President Tyler's administration, and it was my suggestion that the 'Prairie' be left off and the office be called La Crosse, which was adopted."

An interesting description of this game may be read in Volume 16 of the Wisconsin Historical Collections. This was translated from "Ms. in archives of Ministere de Colonies Paris." It is entitled "Memoirs of the Savages of Canada as far as the

(Continued on page 72)



# The Little Cathedral

JEANNETTE HEGEMAN

SOME guidebooks call St. Anthony's Chapel in northeastern Iowa "The Little Cathedral"; others refer to it as "The Smallest Church in the World." Whatever its title may be, it is one of the state's most-visited places, not only because of its unique size, but also its interesting history.

Early in the 1800's, when England and Russia still remained unconquered by Napoleon Bonaparte, two sons of Madame Gaertner in Alsace-Lorraine joined the colors to fight for France. They were among the half-a-million men who crossed the Russian frontier to take part in the siege of Moscow; and they were among the twenty thousand in the French army that returned from that disastrous campaign.

The mother believed her sons were unharmed because of her ceaseless devotion to the patron saint of missions, St. Anthony. In her numberless prayers, she promised to help the missions in some way, if only her boys would be spared.

But the good woman had not been able to foresee the state of chaos into which France was plunged in the years following these expensive and disastrous campaigns of Napoleon. There was very little money or food for the common people. Emigration seemed to be the only chance for survival. Erection of a memorial to St. Anthony was wholly out of the question. Even small sums of money for the missions were unavailable. Then came the time when her boys began to consider emigrating to the New World since it was now almost impossible to make a living in France.

Years later, in 1848, Johann, one of the brothers, was living in Oldenburg, Indiana. Near him lived a cousin, Francis J. Huber, a native of Alsace-Lorraine too, and one of the two principal figures in this story. That year, while on a business trip to Cincinnati, Johann had become acquainted with a priest who had just returned from the land across the Mississippi River, a beautiful country called Iowa. A few settlers were moving into this part of the country around Fort Atkinson and the Indians were being moved to lands farther west. The priest had had charge of the Indian mission near

the fort for several years, but with the departure of the red men, he had returned to Ohio. And so, in October, 1848, Johann and two other men left a steamboat at Dubuque, to walk to the fort a hundred miles away.

Their way lay through hilly, heavily-wooded country where there were very few settlers. Back from the Mississippi, there were rich farming lands, they knew; and upon their return to Oldenburg, late in the autumn, they began to make preparations to move their families to Iowa with the coming of spring. They were so enthusiastic about the new country, that with the Hubers and Gaertners, four other families came to establish homes in the land of promise.

But when the group left a steamboat at the mouth of Turkey River above Dubuque the following April, they found the water so high that they could not cross. They were delayed for weeks. The weather was cold and the hardships many. Some were about to give up and return to Indiana by the time the crossing was made and the trip to Old Mission finished, but the men had bought log cabins that had been built by the government for the Indians, and, as pioneers, they were loath to acknowledge defeat.

Then came crowded years. More and more settlers were coming to make their homes on the prairie and along the winding river. Busy as these people were, they did not forget to ask the good Bishop Loras at Dubuque for a priest to be sent to them at intervals. Mass was first said in September, 1849, in the log cabin belonging to Mr. Huber. Thereafter, the priest covered the long trip every three months, riding horseback to minister to his flock. This continued until 1854, when the log cabin was destroyed by fire.

By now several villages had come into being within a radius of twenty-five miles. When the question arose as to whether it would be well to build a church in the country to replace the cabin, most of the families wished to help establish churches in the settlements near their farms. Thus the log cabin site, that of the first Indian



mission, remained unoccupied for several years.

But through all this period, Johann Gaertner remembered his mother's vow of long ago in France. Accordingly, he and Francis Huber set about the building of what has come to be known as both "The Little Cathedral" and "The Smallest Church in the World."

The building is of native stone, a grayish white in color. It is eighteen feet long and fourteen wide. The little bell tower is of wood painted to match the stone and the four tiny pews are of the same shade. The altar is covered with a linen and lace cloth and is surmounted by a statue of St. Anthony. To the right and left are two others, one of the Blessed Virgin and the other St. Joseph. The pews are just forty-four inches long, giving the chapel a seating capacity of eight persons. There are four narrow stained glass windows in memory of the two men and their wives, M. A. and F. J. Huber and M. and J. Gaertner. The walls and arched ceiling are simply frescoed and a carpet covers the floor before the altar.

This little church is in Winneshiek County in northeastern Iowa, about two miles from the village of Festina. Rock-surfaced roads lead to its location on the banks of the Turkey River. Descendants of the two families have given it to the Archdiocese of Dubuque. It is well cared for, and though thousands of motorists visit it every year in all kinds of weather, it seems to be always prepared for company.

Mass is said here once a year, on St. Anthony's Day, June 13, and hundreds of visitors gather to pay homage to the patron saint and to the memory of these pioneers.

There are very few graves in the interesting churchyard. Francis Huber's grave is just to the right of the entrance to the chapel. Walking along among the flower beds to the back of the churchyard, the visitor finds the burial places of some of the Gaertners, among them that of Johann. A large granite boulder marks the spot, and a bronze tablet fastened thereto shows it to have been marked by the Waucoma Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

At the entrance to the tiny chapel is attached the story of this pioneer settlement, ending with these words: "This small



ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL IN IOWA

chapel is dedicated to Saint Anthony of Padua, and to the memory of those who rest in this churchyard. Johann Gaertner, buried here, was with Napoleon's army from Leipzig to Moscow, Russia, which campaign ended with the Battle of Waterloo."

# She Rode For Liberty

(Jane Black Thomas)

MABEL ANSLEY MURPHY

"**M**UST you go home tomorrow, Mother?" Peter Thomas' pale face, hollow cheeks and big, black-shadowed eyes pleaded more eloquently than his words.

Jane pressed his hand tenderly. Instinctively she turned to her husband, twenty years her senior, for the answer. Colonel Thomas hesitated, then spoke decisively. "Must" is the word, Peter. I'm sorry. But now that you are able to sit up we should not impose upon the generous treatment accorded us. Few British officers have been so considerate to prisoners as the commander here. When your mother rode into Fort Ninety-Six, calmly announcing that she had come to nurse you, I fully expected that she, too, would be held as a prisoner.

"Now that it has been hinted her visit should end it is not for us to try to stretch consideration further."

Peter sighed. "Of course, you are right, Father." He paused, then went on despondently, "If only your theory were correct, soon we might be released!"

"What is Peter talking about, John? Do you really think that you and Peter will soon be free?" Jane's eyes shone.

The Colonel smiled sadly. "It's only a hope, my dear. You see, it's this way:

"Two weeks ago the Tory Ferguson pushed MacDowell's men into the wilds skirting the mountains. If I am any judge of our men they will not stay in hiding there. They'll go over the mountains to the Watauga in Tennessee where the Regulators of North Carolina fled from Governor Tryon's tyranny. There they will unite forces and return to stop Ferguson's northward advance."

"I pray Heaven that they may!" breathed Jane. She turned to their son, "Then we all can be together again—but what's the matter, Peter?"

Despair was written on Peter's face. He protested that nothing was wrong. At last, at his parents' insistence he blurted out, "I didn't want Mother's visit to be spoiled. But if you will have it, here it is! I've known since yesterday that what you were hoping

for, Father, will never be. That gossip Stone was in here when you two were taking the air in the court and he bragged about how Ferguson has fortified the summit of King's Mountain. He has more than 1100 men there and he has sent to Cornwallis for more. Stone even quoted Ferguson's message to Cornwallis, 'This will finish the business. Your way will be clear to Virginia.'"

Colonel Thomas groaned and buried his face in his hands. Jane spoke quickly, "I wonder if Colonel Marion knows this. He might be able to hold back the troops Cornwallis will be sending."

"But how to get him word!" Colonel Thomas faltered.

"I'll go to him tomorrow. The swamps are only a little out of my way," explained Jane.

"But, Mother," began Peter in fierce protest, gripping her hand so hard that she winced.

He got no further. His father lifted his head hopefully and interrupted, "Jane, if you could—"

"Of course, I can," asserted Jane stoutly. "No more 'ifs' and 'buts.' Let's put our three heads together and plan."

\* \* \*

The next day in the late afternoon just within the edge of a swamp Jane drew rein. She gave a tentative owl-call. No answer. She called again—a little louder. Still, silence. Her forehead puckered in thought. Abruptly her blue eyes grew dark with resolution and her lips set in a thin red determined line. "Come, Lady," she encouraged her horse, "we'll have to try to push into the swamp. Carefully, now."

Lady nickered softly and began to pick her way cautiously along a rude trail stretching from hummock to hummock. Twilight closed in. Lady stopped and turned her head questioningly to Jane. Jane patted her neck but said nothing. Surely something was moving over to the left. Horse and rider waited breathlessly. Far in the distance an owl hooted. Near at

hand came an answering, "Who-o-o! Who-o-o-o!"

Was it owls or men calling? If men—friends or foes? It was rumored that the British knew the owl-call for Marion's signal. Jane waited and listened. Suddenly she tossed her brown curls defiantly and gave the same call. It was answered immediately almost at Lady's side. As Jane quieted her a woodsman in muddy, tattered clothing stepped from behind a tree. He looked at Jane suspiciously, "You-all hev lost yer way, I'm thinkin'!"

Jane smiled though her heart was thumping. "Perhaps I've just found it. You're one of Marion's men, aren't you?"

"An' ef I be, what then?"

"Then you will guide me to him, I hope. You see, I've a message to deliver."

It took more persuasion. But in the end the woodsman consented to guide Jane on foot to Marion's camp. Lady was tied to a tree on a nearby hillock and the two plunged into the deepening darkness of the swamp.

The way seemed long to Jane. Doubt began to creep in. What if the man were a spy leading her to a British camp? She thrust the thought out of mind and, as if to reward her courage, a few more steps brought them in sight of Marion's camp.

"The Swamp Fox," small, thin, dark, as attractive in appearance and as aristocratic in bearing as Jane herself, greeted her with marked courtesy. He refused to hear her message until she had been served with hot ground-ivy tea, just brewed. He listened to her story with intense interest. As she finished he got to his feet abruptly. "We are greatly in your debt, Madam Thomas," he declared. "We will move at once. But you must be escorted to a place of safety . . . I have it. Two miles distant there is a rude tavern. The man who brought you here will guide you to it. You will be safe there overnight. And in the morning?"

"In the morning I will take my way home," smiled Jane calmly, sanguine that Marion would check the advance of Cornwallis' troops, confident that her husband's hope of Ferguson's defeat would be fulfilled. Her prescience failed, however, when she thought, "A good night's rest—then for home!" She little dreamed that every

clump of Lady's feet would carry her into a more desperate undertaking.

\* \* \*

She enjoyed the simple meal set before her in the tavern. As soon as she had eaten she asked to be shown to her bed. It stood in a little closet off the one room of the tavern. A thin partition divided it from a shed where two women were washing dishes. Jane, tired out, paid little attention to their chatter and the clatter of dishes until she heard the words, "Cedar Springs." Why that was where her eldest son, John, was in charge of the garrison!

She moved close to the partition. One woman exclaimed, "Do tell! The British be goin' to wipe out Cedar Springs!"

The other answered, "A fine surprise for the rebels! An' nice pickin's at the plantations round about!"

Jane gasped. The Thomas plantation was but five miles beyond Cedar Springs. Martha was in charge during her mother's absence, no man to help her, with only her three younger sisters and the negro servants on the place! Oh, she must get word to John and get home herself before the British swooped down on them!

She dressed and went out into the public room where the innkeeper sat toasting his bare feet at a low fire. Jane called out gaily, "I almost forgot to make sure that Lady is as comfortable as you have made me!"

The man grunted lazily. If she was so persnickety let her go to the stable by herself. She didn't need a lantern—the moon was full.

With trembling fingers Jane saddled Lady and led her out into the rear stable yard. From it a narrow trail led into a partially-wooded field. She mounted and whispered into Lady's ear. Again and again that night Jane gave thanks for her ability to find her direction by the stars—a knowledge acquired in girlhood from her brother John, one of the founders of Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

Dawn found her on the summit of a hill by the direct trail to Cedar Springs. Halting, Jane looked down into the valley. Her eyes grew big. Breakfast fires were being kindled—and the men wore red coats!

Terror-stricken, Jane turned back into the forest.

Within an hour she came to the Saluda River, swollen out of its banks by rains in the mountains. Jane paled but rode Lady resolutely down to the water's edge. There Lady stopped, unmoved by Jane's urgent commands. Finally, she tossed her head as though saying, "All right—if I must!" and stepping gingerly into the flood.

Almost at once she was swept off her feet. Swimming desperately, with Jane bending low over her neck and softly encouraging her, Lady struggled to cross. But the current kept carrying her downstream. At last she managed to scramble up a bank on the far shore where she stood trembling. Dismounting Jane stroked and petted her until her breath came again in steady rhythm. Then they started on, Jane walking. Within a half-mile miraculously they came out on the trail.

The day wore on. They stopped only to drink at mountain streams. No time to rest. Nothing to eat. They forded other swollen streams—none so perilous as the Saluda. As the long shadows of late afternoon fell across the trail Lady no longer trotted. Even while walking she stumbled frequently. Jane found herself, from time to time, dropping off into a moment's sleep. Wearily they kept going, one thought dominating Jane's consciousness, "I must reach Cedar Springs before the British!"

Darkness had fallen when the journey's end was reached. Lady stopped and hung her head. Holding to the saddle's horn, Jane slid to the ground and slumped against Lady's side. A guard came running. Jane could falter only, "Captain Thomas—bring him!"

Another moment and her son's arms were about her. Overcome by exhaustion she stumbled through her message. John's only comment was, "Everything's all right now, Mother."

Picking her up he carried her into his own little tent and brought her food. Hungry as she was, she could not keep awake to eat. John carried her to a tiny cave opening behind the rear wall of the rude fortifi-

cation. As he laid her down on a bed of skins, he assured her, "Here you're safe, Mother dear."

Jane roused to breathe, "Lady?"

"Lady's been cared for. She, too, is safe. Now go to sleep. In the morning we will go home."

That night was a blank to Jane. Mercifully so. Often afterward she wondered how she could have slept so soundly and always she gave thanks that it had been so.

Before dawn the next morning John roused her and urged her to eat a broken piece of cold cornbread—all the food to be had. He told her, "Lady's saddled and we're going home, Mother. We'll have breakfast there."

The moon had set and the camp was still shrouded in darkness. Jane was conscious that Lady picked her way carefully. She heard all about them strange sounds—were they groans? She leaned back in the shelter of John's arms as he held her before him on Lady. Not until they were almost home did she ask, "Did the British come?"

When John answered briefly, "They did," she cried, "Tell me, son! Tell me!"

He made the story a short one. "We built great fires all about the fortification. Then we slipped away into the forest. The fires began to die down. Then we saw the Tories. They were creeping in and surrounding the camp. Just at the moment they were about to attack we fired."

Jane faltered, "Did you—were there many Tories?"

"About one hundred and fifty—enough to have wiped out our little garrison. Thanks to your warning, Mother, we did to them that which they would have done to us."

Tears rolled down Jane's cheeks. She did not speak until a turn in the road brought their home in view calm and peaceful in first rays of the rising sun. Then she murmured, "If need arose, I'd do the same again. But oh, son, we buy liberty at a great cost!"

Captain John held her closer as he replied, "To win and keep liberty is worth any sacrifice, little Mother."





## The Lady Blanche House

URSULA NOYES BROOKS

THOUSANDS of persons visit North Conway, New Hampshire, in the White Mountains each summer. And of this number, few go away without hearing the story of Lady Blanche Murphy and visiting the spot which once was her home.

The house stands at the foot of Humphrey Ledge, a quaint, rambling house with a deep bay window, from which one views the cliff towering four hundred feet above. A willow hedge leads to the door, and white musk roses, pinks, and sweet williams are growing there, just as they grew years ago.

Lady Blanche, the eldest daughter of the Second Earl of Gainsborough, was born on the family estate in Rutlandshire, England. Her mother, Lady Augusta, was the eldest daughter of the Earl of Errol. Her father had erected a costly chapel on the estate and had employed as an organist a Mr. Murphy, a young Irishman of humble birth. Lady Blanche, who was herself an accomplished musician, sang in the choir at the chapel services and often remained after the service to practice. Friendship with the talented Irishman soon grew into an intimacy which was to be lifelong. The mother had lately died, and although the father had been warned, he gave the matter no attention, feeling that such a union was an impossibility and that the subject was not worthy of serious consideration.

However, matters did progress, and the couple eloped to London where they were married. They left England and settled in

New York where Mr. Murphy gave music lessons and became organist in New Rochelle. Lady Blanche wrote for her daily bread and was successful, "having the rare endowment of a masculine style with a feminine keenness of perception."

In 1875 the couple moved to North Conway, where Mr. Murphy taught music at a school for boys, and Lady Blanche continued her literary work.

She is still remembered for the comfort and pleasure she gave to the poor and to the children of the neighborhood. Her interest in the dwellers of the mountain valley was just as real as her love for the scenery. And making clothes for children who needed them, giving Christmas gifts to her poorest neighbors, or cooking dinners for the sick was just as much an expression of her genuine self as her long walks, botanizing expeditions, and the hours she passed in the fields and woods.

In the summer of 1880 the Murphys purchased the farm at the foot of the Ledge and remodeled the house. Lady Blanche intended it to be her ideal home, but this was not to be. In March, 1881, she became ill and after four days, closed her blue eyes and her sweet smile was seen no more.

She sleeps now beside her mother in England, but her memory still lives in the peaceful glen and the flowers still bloom before the little house from which her bright presence has gone.



# Old Fort Wilkinson

GRACE CABOT TOLER

THE first accurate and detailed account of Fort Wilkinson which, much like Fort Chartres on the Mississippi, stretched its length along the Ohio in the early days, near what is now the village of Grand Chain, was pieced together from fragmentary evidence by William Nelson Moyers, historian of Southern Illinois.<sup>1</sup>

The location of its establishment—the Grand Chain of Rocks—was known to the French as early as 1684. Its location was described thus: "Just at the top of the magnificent bend, reaching from the mouth of the Tennessee to the mouth of the Ohio, a distance of fifty-two miles."

After the death of General Anthony Wayne, James Wilkinson became Commander of the American Armies. In the fall of 1797 he sent an order to Lieutenant Colonel David Strong, a native of Sharon, Connecticut, who after faithful service in the Continental Army from which he retired as captain, entered the Army of the United States, to prepare a military camp at the Chain of Rocks. Strong had previously assisted in the establishment of Fort Washington and had been in command at Fort Jefferson.

General Wilkinson, on November 3, 1797, issued an order for the provisioning of this camp. On July 21, 1798, the General was at the "foot of the rapids of the Ohio" on his way to Massac and the camp near there. And on August 12, he arrived at the "Camp, fifteen miles from the mouth of the Ohio," on board the river-craft, *Kitty*. This is the first reference to his presence at Cantonment Wilkinson-Ville.

Under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel Strong, four hundred acres of land were cleared. Approximately twenty barracks—houses of hewn logs—were built, each large enough for a mess-sergeant and his squad of twenty. The brick chimneys were constructed from bricks burned at the fort. A commodious magazine was built and a tile line laid for the complete drainage. A look-out mound was erected and a good approach road was constructed at the mouth of a little bayou by which to reach

the low water line. This road has served that purpose continually since 1800.<sup>2</sup>

The activities at the fort in the next few months are found in a few short dispatches. The *Universal Gazetteer*, Washington, Thursday, May 7, 1801, carried a copy of a message addressed to General Wilkinson and headed: "Indiana Territory, Cantonment Wilkinson-Ville, March 14, 1801." This related to the horrors of a tornado which struck the camp the day before, carrying all before it, tearing trees up by the roots, and killing a man and a woman. "Total killed—One Sergeant. Total wounded—One Captain, four Lieutenants, two Quarter-Master Sergeants, two Sergeants, one Corporal, one musician, and twenty-nine privates. One woman killed and several wounded. Names of Officers wounded: Captain Lukens, badly; Lieutenants Webster, Laybourn and Shires. Lieutenant Hooker's leg broken, and others badly wounded." This message was signed by Ferdinand L. Claiborne. A postscript stated that several of the boats had been destroyed.

Little is known of the women who were at the fort. Chloe Richmond Strong, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Strong, was there; also Anne Craige Wilkinson, wife of General Wilkinson and mother of James B. Wilkinson.

There were thirty commissioned officers at the fort and from the list of military stores ordered shipped to Wilkinson-Ville on May 6, 1801, can be estimated the number of soldiers, approximately eight hundred. In April, 1801, Colonel Strong reported the troops sickly and in need of medical and hospital supplies.

Indian trouble appears to have threatened along the Tennessee in June and an order was issued directing that tents be sent to the Cantonment. And tents meant field service. On June 20, Wilkinson wrote

<sup>1</sup> It appeared in the April, 1931, issue of the "Journal of the Illinois Historical Society."

<sup>2</sup> These and other facts relating to Fort Wilkinson-Ville may be found in the records at the War Department and in the "Memoirs of General James Wilkinson."



directing that troops be ready to march on short notice. Late in that same month, General Wilkinson was appointed Commissioner to the Creek Indians in Georgia and while on his way there stopped at the cantonment at the Grand Chain and remained there for two weeks. During that period all his dispatches were headed: "Headquarters Wilkinson-Ville." "It is not difficult to visualize the social color which this visit lent to that isolated outpost. There were walks about the beautiful, commodious and well-drained drill grounds; excursions along the Grand Chain of Rocks, and five-o'clock dinners."

An order was given on July 30, directing that "The band shall practice on the grand parade morning and evening before the roll call and will play alternately with the drums and fifes while the guards are marching off." The order continued: "Troops are to be obliged to bathe frequently before 5 in the morning and after 7 in the evening, but are not to go into the water at any other period of the day." General Wilkinson was educated as a physician and was practicing medicine when the Siege of Boston began. This fact may account for his knowledge as to the importance of bathing often and at the proper time!

On August 1, 1801, the most unusual order to be found in the War Office was "uttered" as follows: "Lt. Commandant Butler, at his particular request, and in consideration of his infirm health, has permission to wear his hair." The explanation of this strange order lies in the fact that at the period of the Revolution the British soldiers wore their hair long, down to their coat collars, and cut straight around. To be different, the American soldiers adopted short hair, not to exceed an inch in length. Lieutenant Colonel Butler, an old-timer, objected to the change, believing that long hair was more conducive to health.

Lieutenant Colonel Strong, who had been in poor health for several years and had been constantly attended by his wife, Chloe, died at the Cantonment August 19, 1801. He was buried there in a home-made coffin. The band played a solemn air as his earthly remains were lowered gently into his grave. Strong was admired and loved by his men.

General Wilkinson's letter to the War Office apprising the Government of the

death of Strong was dated September 8. But it was not written from Wilkinson-Ville.

Within the next two years many events transpired which led to the final evacuation of the fort. Harrison made a treaty with the Illinois Indians and Wilkinson with the Creeks, thus allaying the Indian menace. "Gen. Wilkinson with a small body of troops, accompanied by Gov. Claiborne, went to New Orleans and, on Dec. 20, 1803, Wilkinson was handed the bill of sale which transferred the title and possession of Louisiana to the United States, and to Gov. Claiborne was given the keys to the Place De Armes. This moved the Ohio frontier hundreds of miles southward and left the garrison at Wilkinson-Ville without occupation."

In Military Book, Volume 2, War Department, appears the following, dated Feb. 18, 1805:

"To the Commanding officer at Massac—

Sir: If any person wishes to occupy any of the public buildings at Wilkinson-Ville, you may grant him the permission for the occupancy of one or more on condition of his keeping them in repair, and on condition of not selling any spirituous liquors to the Indians.

I am, Sir, Respectfully, etc.,  
Henry Dearborn, Sec. of War."

It is recorded in "The American Pioneer," published at Cincinnati in 1841-2, that on April 21, 1805, the *Nonpareil*, an excursion boat propelled both by oar and sail, ran an excursion from Marietta to New Orleans. "From Shawneetown to the Grand Chain—a large ledge of rocks which crosses the Ohio in a very oblique direction from the Kentucky to the Illinois shore just below old Fort Wilkinson—the Ohio is bordered with the richest and most romantic scenery to be seen between Pittsburgh and its mouth. The *Nonpareil* floated quietly past 'Battery Rock,' 'Cave in Rock,' and 'Tower Rock,' noted promontories on the right bank of the river. On the summit of Tower Rock there is said to be a mound constructed of large blocks of stones erected by those ancient people who once inhabited this country—as an observatory or watch tower."

Robert and Parker Devoll were passengers, and the boat stopped long enough

(Continued on page 72)

# • Genealogical Department •

LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER

*Genealogical Editor*

*NOTE: All letters pertaining to this department should be addressed to the  
Genealogical Editor, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.*

*Personal letters should be addressed to 713 19th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.*

THE Census of 1790 of Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, New Jersey, Tennessee and Virginia were destroyed when the British burned the Capitol at Washington during the War of 1812.

In the Census of 1790, Virginia listed a population of 747,160, leading by more than 300,000 Pennsylvania, the second state in the Union in point of population at the first Census. The loss of Virginia original schedules for the first and second Census is so unfortunate that every endeavor has been made to secure data that would in a measure fill the vacancy. The only records that could be secured were from manuscript lists of state enumerations made in 1782, 1783, 1784 and 1785, also tax lists from Greenbrier County from 1783 to 1786. . . . The counties for which the names of heads of families are returned on the state Census lists are thirty-nine in number and contained in 1790 a population of 370,000. Forty-one counties, with 377,000 population, are lacking, therefore covers only about half the state. Reference: page 3, Virginia Census 1790, official document issued by Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

Since Virginia at this time included Kentucky, it is of special interest to genealogists and historians that the first Census of Kentucky in 1790 has been compiled by G. M. Brumbaugh, M. D., with cooperation of Mr. C. B. Heinmann. Dr. Brumbaugh is the well known Editor of the National Genealogical Quarterly, author of Roster of Virginia Revolutionary Soldiers, Maryland Records, and other publications of known accuracy and reliable information.

This new Census is compiled from tax lists of all Kentucky counties which were established at the time of the First Federal

Census, then the frontier of Virginia. It has 120 pages, with large map, counties of Kentucky 1792 in respect to modern counties: linen bound and limited to 350 copies.

Mrs. Tennie Selby Burk of Washington, D. C., has listed Virginia counties *not* included in the Census of 1790 as follows:

Accomac	King & Queen
Augusta	King George
Bedford	King William
Berkeley	Lincoln
Botetourt	Loudon
Brunswick	Louisa
Buckingham	Lunenburg
Campbell	Montgomery
Caroline	Nelson
Charles City	Northampton
Culpeper	Ohio
Dinwiddie	Prince George
Elizabeth City	Prince William
Fauquier	Rockbridge
Fayette	Southampton
Goochland	Spottsylvania
Henrico	Westmoreland
Henry	Washington
James City	York
Jefferson	

\* \* \*

The Development of Early Emigrant Trails by Marcus W. Lewis (1932 National Genealogical Society Publication Number 3) is a comprehensive outline of migrations before and after the Revolutionary War, with map indicating these trails. Such publications assist the genealogist in the fundamental preparations for research—the trend of migrations of families and groups to new settlements.

It is interesting to note that emigrant roads followed closely the Indian trails that had been used for centuries by early tribes. These followed the lines of least resistance as to terrain and where necessities of life, such as water, food, salt and clothing material, were available.

One of the most important trails was the Great Indian War Path, or Warriors Path, from eastern Pennsylvania near Philadelphia, crossing the Susquehanna near the present city of Harrisburg, thence between mountain ranges along the valley of the Shenandoah and upper tributaries of the Tennessee River to Chattanooga. Along this trail came people from New England, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, to the south.

Southwest Virginia and western North Carolina were settled largely by people from Pennsylvania and northern Virginia. In 1769 Daniel Boone from the Yadkin and his followers, found and passed through the Cumberland Gap and blazed out the Wilderness Road. No less than 70,000 people moved through this gap and over this road between 1774 and 1790.

The Warriors Path in Kentucky was a continuation of several trails which led up from the Carolinas and Georgia through eastern Tennessee, then through the Cumberland Gap towards Portsmouth, Ohio, and Louisville, Kentucky.

Thousands of emigrants went by way of Braddock's Road (the trail followed by Braddock from Alexandria, Virginia, to Fort Pitt, now Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania), through Maryland and Pennsylvania, the Ohio River valley, to Indiana and Illinois. Others went into the interior by way of Cumberland Gap and the Kanawha River. Among other trails mentioned in this publication are Old Trading Path of Pennsylvania, The Occaneechi Path to North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, The Natchez Trace, the Lower Creek Trading Path from Greenville on the Mississippi through Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina, to St. Augustine, Florida, The Buffalo Trace, also known as the Kentucky Road, The Vincennes, The Old Chicago Road. We also have the early trails and roads of New England, The Mohawk Trail of New York, the Lake Champlain Trail, and others.

All this is of vital importance for an understanding of the emigrations of our ancestors whose family records were of necessity curtailed and became traditions or stories handed down from generation to generation, of which no official proof or certified copies are available; yet these

people are those who have made and developed our greater America, the memory of whom our Society should be delighted to honor.

\* \* \*

"Brief of Title to a tract of land with the buildings and improvements thereon erected, situated in the 27th ward of the City of Philadelphia, containing 128.56 acres belonging to the Elmwood Mutual Land and Improvement Company" printed for Charles Benjamin Wilkinson, 112 South 4th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Copyright notice dated 1885.

Pencil notation on front page "History of Holstein Avenue lot."

The Brief of Title consists of a pamphlet of 70 pages with several plats and maps attached. The first item is a deed of gift dated 1721, of land on "Boon's Island". It traces the title of this property through deeds, wills, powers of attorney, etc. down to 1885.

There is a handwritten note, on the blank pages at the back, of deeds of 1886 and 1891, this last being to Robert T. Marshall who was the father of the donor. From the deeds and other papers printed in this booklet can be worked out 4 generations of a Cox family, 3 generations of William Bingham's descendants, 5 generations of the Boon family, 2 generations of Erwig, 2 generations of Horn, and mention of 10 men whose wives joined in making instruments showing the first name of the wife and that she was living at that particular time. It also gives approximate dates of death of 3 other men.

Compilations of this kind have a decided genealogical value and should be preserved whenever found.

This one is being placed in the D. A. R. Library.

Presented by Miss Margaret J. Marshall, Regent, Peter Muhlenberg Chapter, Glenside, Pennsylvania, March, 1940.

## Family Association Meetings

from July 1 to October 1, 1940

List submitted by Miss Ethel Boughner, Ex. State Registrar, N. S. D. A. R., 255 McClellandtown Road, Uniontown, Penn-

sylvania. Date of meeting may be secured from secretary.

**Arison**—Oliver Arrison, 44 Delaware Ave., Uniontown, Pa.

**Armstrong**—Frank Huston, Carmichaels, Pa.

**Balsley**—Mrs. D. E. Balsley, Martha Street, Uniontown, Pa.

**Barnhart**—J. E. Barnhart, Masontown, Pa.

**Blaney**—John Blaney, Perryopolis Rd., Pa.

**Buckingham**—King Hess, Beallsville, Washington Co., Pa.

**Burchinal**—Mrs. L. W. Brownfield, 53 S. Mt. Vernon Ave., Uniontown, Pa.

**Brooks**—William Brooks, Smithfield, Pa.

**Clutter**—Miss Minnie Clutter, Waynesburg, Pa.

**Coldren**—I. W. Coldren, 42 Lawn Ave., Uniontown, Pa.

**Core**—Edgar Coffman, McClellandtown, Pa.

**Coffman**—Edgar Coffman, McClellandtown, Pa.

**Cope**—Mrs. Jasper Cope, 264 W. Main St., Uniontown, Pa.

**Crawford**—Dr. W. B. Crawford, Brownsville, Pa.

**Dils**—Ray I. Dils, Smithfield, Pa.

**Dodridge**—Mrs. Katherine Bryan, 104 W. Third St., Columbus, Ohio.

**Dunn**—Luellen Dunn, Washington, Pa.

**Ellenberger**—R. S. Ellenberger, 20 Frank Ave., Uniontown, Pa.

**Emery**—Homer N. Emery, Masontown, Pa.

**Fike**—Ruth Fike, Piedmont, W. Va.

**Flenniken**—Freemont Flenniken, Carmichaels, Pa.

**Frearer**—Arthur Frearer, New Salem, Pa.

**Franks**—Mrs. Hollie W. Franks, 56 Lawn Ave., Uniontown, Pa.

**Freed**—Arthur Freed, 324 S. 9th St., Connellsville, Pa.

**Frost**—Aaron Frost, 237 S. Mt. Vernon Ave., Uniontown, Pa.

**Gally**—W. K. Gally, Vandergrift, Pa.

**Harvey**—Charles M. Harvey, Bellvernon, Pa.

**Herring**—O'Neill Herring, 31 W. Highland Ave., Uniontown, Pa.

**Herrington**—Dr. L. M. Herrington, New Salem, Pa.

**Hixson**—L. F. Hixson, 411 Homestead Ave., Scottdale, Pa.

**Hobaugh**—Jesse Hobaugh, 164 Morgantown St., Uniontown, Pa.

**Honsaker**—David J. Honsaker, Masontown, Pa.

**Hormell**—Norman Hormell, 137 Modisett Ave., Donora, Pa.

**Hostetler**—W. G. Hostetler, High House Road, Newcomer, Pa.

**Howard**—Dr. A. C. Howard, Hopwood, Pa.

**Hugh**—E. S. Hugh, 438 W. Berkley St., Uniontown, Pa.

**Huhn**—Guy Ross, Uniontown, Pa. Rev. C. D. A. Huhn, Smithfield, Pa.

**Hunter**—L. M. Dills, Morris, Cross Roads, Fayette Co., Pa.

**Huston**—Frank Huston, Carmichaels, Pa.

**Jones**—King Hess, Beallsville, Pa.

**Johnson**—A. O. Johnson, Masontown, Pa.

**Kearns**—Michael Kearns, Brownsville, Pa.

**Kepple**—Mrs. John T. Dick, Phillips Works, Uniontown, Pa. or S. A. Kepple, Greensburg, Pa.

**Kingham**—Lawrence Kingham, Smithfield, Pa.

**Leonard**—Mr. Fred Sproul, Ohiopyle, Pa. or Mrs. H. D. Hutchinson, Uniontown, Pa.

**Lott**—Lee Lott, New Geneva, Pa.

**Lynn**—C. E. Lynn, Republic, Pa.

**McCann**—L. B. McCann, 155 Union St., Uniontown, Pa.

**McCloy**—A. J. McCloy, New Salem, Pa.

**McDowell**—Ewing Hager, Summit, Dunbar Township, Fayette Co., Pa.

**Matthews**—George H. Matthews, 15 Jefferson St., Uniontown, Pa.

**Mosburg**—Charles H. Mosburg, Greensburg, Pa.

**Meese**—Miss Betty Meece, 21 Beeson Ave., Uniontown, Pa.

**Piersol**—Miss Ruth Piersol, Perryopolis, Pa.

**Ramage**—C. M. Ramage, 1001 Aetna St., Connellsville, Pa.

**Ramsay**—Harry R. Ramsay, 788 W. Pike St., Clarksburg, W. Va.

**Rankin**—Cornelius Chidester, Farmington, Pa. and Miss Martha Hankins, Uniontown, Pa.

**Rose**—Frank L. Rose, 139 E. Fayette St., Uniontown, Pa.

**Rugg**—H. E. Rugg, 111 Hyndman Ave. S., Connellsville, Pa.

**Sandusky**—Miss Ola Sandusky, New Geneva, Fayette Co., Pa.

**Schnatterly**—Mrs. Adda Brownfield, 45 Morgantown St., Uniontown, Pa.

**Show**—Arthur Sumey, Farmington, Pa.

**Sisley**—James Sisley, Perryopolis, Pa.

**Smith**—Josiah, family, J. A. Smith, 608 Clinton Ave., Morgantown, W. Va.

**Spaw**—Mrs. May Workman, or J. S. Hager, Farmington, Pa.

**Stewart**—Bessie Stewart, Pt., Marion, Pa.

**Sumey**—Arthur Sumey, Farmington, Pa.

**Sproul**—Mr. Fred Sproul, Ohiopyle, Pa.

**Tissue**—I. W. Tissue, 505 Edna St., Connellsville, Pa.

**Ulery**—Irwin Ulery, Connellsville, Pa.

**Wagget**—Mrs. Annie Waggett, Keisterville, Pa.

**Wardell**—John Wardell, Whyte Ave., Uniontown, Pa.

**Welling**—L. E. Welling, 403 Murphy Ave., Connellsville, Pa.

**Wilson**—J. R. Wilson, New Salem Road, Uniontown, Pa.

**Wilson**—438 W. Berkley St., Uniontown, Pa.

**Zearley**—333 W. Berkley St., Uniontown, Pa.

**Bixler**—W. H. Bixler, 68 Connor St. Uniontown, Pa.

**Blosser**—Lashley Blosser, Main St., Point Marion, Pa.

**Lilly**—J. E. Barnhart, Masontown, Pa.

**Gwynne**—Frank Huston, Carmichaels, Pa.

**Newcommer**—Abraham Newcommer, Uniontown, Pa.

**Nace**—Miss Bessie Stewart, Pt. Marion, Pa.

**Parkins**—Rev. George Parkins, 1116 Ross St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Wilson**—Roy E. Wilson, Miller Terrace, Uniontown, Pa.

**Dowlin**—Miss Lena Dowlin, Carmichaels, Pa.

**Grimm**—Mrs. May Fosbrink, 107 S. Mt. Vernon Ave., Uniontown, Pa.

The fifty-eighth annual Dooley reunion will be held on Sunday, August 20, 1939, at Circus Park, formerly Houghton's Lake Park, on South Main Street, Bloomington, Illinois.

CLAY DOOLEY, *President.*

ALDINE ELLIOTT, *Secretary.*

## Answers

**D-40. Powell-Rhodes (Rhoads).—**

Copied notes, page 23. Will of Robert Powell, Chester County, Pennsylvania, prob. March 10, 1787, names daughter Abigail Clayton; other children, Jacob, Susanna, Anna Noble; gr-son Joseph Hemphill. Will of Mary (Rhoads) Powell, widow, prob. May 11, 1803. Births not given. Married by License, Nov. 18, 1730. Robert Powell, cordwainer, of Burlington County, N. J., and Mary Rhoads, spinster, of Marple twp., Chester County, Pennsylvania (now Del. County). (Daughter of Joseph and Abigail-Bonsall-Rhoads) References from records and notes on file at the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania, at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1300 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. A. I. Trainer, Trainer, Delaware County, Pennsylvania.

**I-30. Wilson Merriman.**—History of Merryman family by Francis B. Culver in Maryland Magazine—also see Talbott Book by Ida M. Shirk. Mrs. Ida M. Shirk, Bethesda, Maryland.

**E-40. (a) Freeman.**—George Freeman mar. my aunt Alice Ward in Bloomington, Monroe Co. Indiana, moved to Fort Bidwell, Modoc Co., California, where he died. Have picture of him. Have visited this Freeman Ranch and have seen the family Bible. For further information write Mrs. Grace Turner, Cedarville, Modoc Co., California. Mrs. Edna Stout Jungers, Grafton, Wisconsin.

## Queries

Queries must be submitted in duplicate, typed double-spaced, on separate slips of paper and limited to two queries (a) and (b) of not more than sixty words each. Add name and address on same line following second query.

All information available to us is published, so correspondence regarding former publications should not be sent to this department.

Answers to queries are voluntary but information of general interest therefrom will be published. Mutual



assistance to those seeking the same or related information is the purpose of this department.

Queries conforming to the above requirements will be published as soon as space is available.

**G-H-'40. (a). Mott.**—Wanted ancestor of Harry Mott, who served in the War of 1812. He married Hulda Card.

**(b). Card.**—Wanted, Revolutionary record of Bergamon Card. Mrs. Conrad C. Klee, 23 St. John Avenue, Binghamton, New York.

**G-H-'40. Fulton.**—Wanted all possible information on parentage and brothers and sisters of Robert Fulton the Elder, father of Robert Fulton the Inventor.—(Miss) Eleanore J. Fulton, 905 E. King St., Lancaster, Pa.

**G-H-'40. Mann.**—Wanted, any information about William Mann and his brother James, soldiers in Col. John Worthington's Massachusetts regiment at Fort William Henry, Aug. 1757. William escaped massacre, settled in Chester, Massachusetts, where he died in 1808. James was taken prisoner to Canada. Mrs. Frank W. Severne, 415 N. Madison Avenue, Watkins Glen, New York.

**G-H-'40. (a). Stover-Yount.**—Wanted ancestry & information regarding Joseph Stover, b. ca. 1777-1785, Va.; d. 1875, Iowa City, Iowa. Biog. sketch says Joseph's father served under Washington at surrender of Cornwallis, given name unknown. Joseph m. Hester Junt (Esther Yount) Apr. 4, 1811, Tenn. She was b. in N. C. May 6, 1785, a Quaker. After marriage they moved to Wayne Co., Ind.; were at South Bend, Ind.; then finally to Iowa permanently 1842. Wanted Esther Yount's ancestry also.

**(b). Ralston-Stover.**—Wanted ancestry and birth date of James Ralston, who m. Elizabeth Stover 8/23/1827, in Wayne County, Indiana. She b. 3/8/1812, and a da. of Joseph & Esther Stover. The papers for administration of his estate mention Andrew Ralston as bondsman. Was this Andrew of relative? James d. before October, 1833, cholera. Mrs. Floyd R. Donovan, 812 Platte Avenue, Alliance, Nebraska.

**G-H-'40. Thomas.**—Wanted information relative to father and grandfather of Asahel Walker Thomas, born Jan. 13, 1809, in Virginia; died Oct. 16, 1880, in Clinton Co., Indiana; married Margaret Davis of

Ohio. Asahel Walker was the son of John Thomas of Virginia and Hannah —, Thomas. Asahel lived in Virginia until a young man. His father John was a soldier of 1812. His grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War. The powder horn of the latter is in my possession and well preserved. Mrs. Bertha Thomas Lynch, 815 North College Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

**G-H-'40. Conwell.**—Wanted ancestry and any other information available of Richard Conwell, born about 1750; died December, 1800; married about 1775 Rebecca —. Known children, William m. Marry Thomas, John m. Elizabeth Barnes, Nancy m. Will Murray, all married in Berkeley County, Va., in 1803, lived in Frederick Section, would like burial place in that section. Mr. O. U. Conwell, 1620 1st Ave., N. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

**G-H-'40. Blair.**—Wanted ancestry of Col. Thomas Blair, born 1771 in —? Penna. Died Frostburg, Md., 1859. Bought property in Cumberland, Md., January 4, 1796, from Charles Frederick Broadhag—Deed Book B, page 253. Raised and drilled, at Cumberland, Md., Company for War of 1812. 1859 deeded property to daughter, Harriet M. Cooper. Want names of other children. Revolutionary Record of Parents. Phebe —? wife of Col. Thomas Blair, died at Frostburg, Md., June 15, 1855, in her 88th year. When and where married? Who were her parents? Names of children of Thomas and Phebe Blair. Revolutionary record, if any. Mrs. Anda E. Henkle, 417 So. Fayette Street, Washington Court House, Ohio.

**G-H-'40. Eades.**—Wanted parentage, and any further information concerning Charles Henderson Hamilton Eades (Eads) married Sarah Peborn in 1785 supposed near Charlotte, N. C., and moved to Wayne Co., Ky. Was his father in the Revolutionary War? Children—Gaverial, Nancy, Polly, Rachel, Jacob, Ruth and Robert. Mrs. Joseph Wm. Eades, 802 S. Roberts, El Reno, Oklahoma.

**G-H-'40. Sloan.**—Wanted ancestors of Ruth Sloan, South Carolina, married Peter Quattlebaum, born 1775 d. before 1810. Their children: David, Peter, Joseph, Catherine, Sarah. Mrs. Thaddeus Ed Dodge, Albany, Texas.



**G-H-'40. (a) Staats.**—Elijah Staats born 1767, Appoquinimink Hundred, New Castle County, Delaware, was a son of Jacob Staats, Sr. and Sarah —. He had a sister who married — Irons. Want information of Jacob Staats, Sr. and wife Sarah. Did they have other children?

**(b). Van Kirk.**—Jonathan Van Kirk married 3rd, Catherine Drake (daughter of John Drake of Hopewell, New Jersey, and had Jonathan and Rhoda. Said to have had seven sons in the Revolution, among them: William (Pres. Harding's ancestor), John, Henry and Josiah. Catherine married 2nd, 1818, Samuel Beaks. Want date of Jonathan Sr.'s death; parentage; names of earlier wives; and other children. Mrs. E. D. Humphries, Sac City, Iowa.

**G-H-'40. (a) Cobb-Gibbs.**—Martha (Patty) Cobb died April 23, 1828, aged 66 years. Married at Princetown, Massachusetts, Nov. 30, 1788, William Gibbs, Jr. b. 1764, of Princetown, Massachusetts, son of William Gibbs and Joanna Gleason. There was a Polly and a Samuel Cobb married about the same time in Princetown. Can any one give a lead to what Cobb family Patty was from?

**(b). Hughes-Strother.**—Would like parentage of William Hughes b. 1750 d. 1829 in Culpepper Co., Va., married Sally Strother, about 1775. There were four Wm. Hughes in the Revolution from Virginia. All but this one died in the War. He had four brothers, Frank, Thomas, Berryman and Matthew. Can any one prove he was the son of Thomas Hughes of Orange Co., Va., who died in 1765 leaving sons: Thomas and John, daughter Ann, by first wife Francis, and four sons, Thomas the younger, Frances, Matthew, Antony and William, by second wife Elizabeth. The dates fit but Antony and Berryman conflict. Mrs. C. A. Reynolds, 2939 Stratford Avenue, Lincoln, Nebraska.

**G-H-'40. Ludwig-Becker.** — Wanted parentage of Elizabeth Ludwig, wife of Jacob Becker of Rockland Township, Berk County, Pennsylvania. Had seven children. Twins born November 22, 1773, Daniel Ludwig and John Becker. Also Jacob, Phebe, Joseph and Job. Solomon died young. Was her father the Daniel Ludwig of District Township, Berk County,

Sinking Springs and Circleville, Ohio? Mrs. R. W. Hannan, 6544 Darlington Road, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

**G-H-'40. Linn-Lind.**—Would like information regarding a Rev. Linn who married Hugh Blair and Ann Maria Gilbert in or near Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, in 1815. Sidney Nill, 307 Ridge Avenue, Greencastle, Pennsylvania.

**G-H-'40. Hoge-Hogue.**—Miller Hoge or Hogue lived approximately 1750-1825 in Loudoun County, Va. Had sons named Stephen, Nelson, Wilson, who lived in Monroe County, Ohio. He also had two daughters. Want the name of his father and grandfather if possible. R. S. Hogue, 710 Woodward Avenue, Orlando, Florida.

**G-H-'40. (a) Johnson.** — Wanted names of children of Francis Johnson (b. Nov. 30, 1770, m. Barbara Mitchell 1793 in Louisa County, Va., d. in Louisa 1841), son of Thomas and Elizabeth Merriwether Johnson. Was he in Georgia in 1812? Was William F. Johnson (1800-1885) a son of Francis Johnson?

**(b). Andrews-Johnson.**—Wanted parentage of William F. Johnson (10-12-1800; 11-23-1885) and wife, Henrietta Andrews (4-10-1805; 10-10-1873); children: John D.; Nicholas B.; Chesley Garnett; William W.; Woodson Hubbard; Robert LeRoy; Miles Willis; George Washington; Milton Gilmer; Lucy; Mary. William F. Johnson's father came to Georgia but returned to Virginia, where he died, according to tradition. Mrs. Boyce M. Grier, 342 Dearing Street, Athens, Georgia.

**G-H-'40. Simpkins.**—Wanted information regarding John Simpkins, supposedly of Connecticut, who m. Elizabeth Adams, said to be a cousin of President John Adams, and moved to Virginia about time of Revolutionary War. Their daughter married Michael Pruitt, Sr. Did John Simpkins see Revolutionary service? Information regarding this Elizabeth Adams also desired. Mrs. Helen P. Beattie, Highland, Calif.

**G-H-'40. (a) Burnham.**—Wanted birth and death record of Arba (Arbah) Burnham m. September 8, 1837 to Abigail D. Patch. He was father of Edward Burnham born at Manchester, Mass. July 21, 1839, m. Emily Davis born 1840 Gloucester, Mass. I want their marriage date, also date of death of Emily (Davis) Burnham.

(b) **Patch.**—Wanted names of children of Lieutenant Samuel Patch born in Ipswich, Mass. 1733. Also birth and death of Abigail D. Patch who married Arba Burnham. Would like birth, death, and marriage dates of all of Lieutenant Samuel Patch's children. There were two lieutenant Samuel Patch's, one born 1733 the other 1752, may have been father and son. Mrs. William J. Haelsen, 58 Homewood Avenue, North Providence, Rhode Island.

**G-H-'40 (a) Edmonds.**—Wanted parentage of Nancy Edmonds, born December 14, 1784, father said to have owned large plantation on Jame River, below Richmond. Nancy married Ruben Bates, born 1774, Amhurst County, Virginia, an architect, who failed in business after contracting to build the Virginia State House. Removed to Rocky Hill, Barren County, Kentucky, 1820, where he died 1853, Nancy 1867.

(b) **Wright.**—Wanted parentage and all possible information of Susan Wright, born January 1, 1816, probably Kentucky, died November 16, 1897, Denton County, Texas, married November 3, 1834, in Barren County, Kentucky, to Rev. William Edmonds Bates. Mrs. Alice Judd Holland, 735 South Durbin Street, Casper, Wyoming.

**G-H-'40. (a) Swearingen.**—Wanted all information concerning the wife of John (van) Swearingen (or Sweringen) who was a son of Zacharias and Martha (van) Swearingen (or Sweringen). Zacharias Swearingen was born about 1662 in New Amstel on Delaware Bay, then under the States General of the United Provinces.

(b) **Swearingen.**—Wanted all possible information concerning Martha—the wife of Zacharias (van) Swearingen (or Sweringen) who (Zacharias) was born about 1662 in New Amstel Delaware Bay, then under the States General of the United Provinces. Catharine J. Neill, Emporia, Kansas.

**G-H-'40 (a). Massey.**—Names of brothers and sisters of Mrs. James Rankin (Margaret Massey). She is believed to have been a daughter of Edmund Massey, a Revolutionary veteran of Virginia, who settled in Grant and Campbell Counties of Kentucky after the Revolution. About 1835 he moved to Great Crossings, Scott County, Kentucky.

(b). **Weaver-Whiney.**—Names of descendants of Sarah (Rankin) Weaver Whiney m. 1st to Mr. Robert Weaver, who died in 1840; and later Mr. Z. M. Whiney. Two children, Jacob and Paralee, lived near McKinney, Texas. Her other children lived around Sulphur Springs, and Harrison, Arkansas. Mrs. A. B. Miller, 2205 E. Capital Ave., Springfield, Illinois.

**G-H-'40. (a). Kelso.**—Want all information possible of Jane Kelso, second wife of Andrew V. Stout, married Nov. 4, 1800. Andrew V. Stout, b. April 26, 1774, baptised May 1, 1774 in the Old Dutch Church in New York City.

(b). **Manson.**—Want all information possible of Francis J. Manson (sometimes spelled Munson) who came from Ireland. b. 1804 d. Nov. 28, 1878. Married to Mary Stout, daughter of Andrew V. Stout, of New York City. Settled in Paterson, N. J. about 1851. Mrs. George W. Manson, 62 Peters Place, Red Bank, New Jersey.

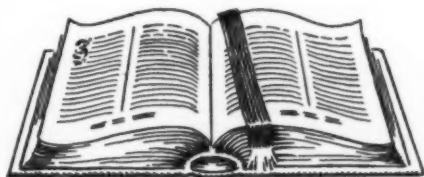
**G-H-'40. (a). Munn.**—Wanted to exchange family records with descendants of John Munn, Sr., (wife, Margaret -?) who settled before Rev. war, Munntown, Nottingham twp., Washington Co., Pa., had children—James, born 1755, m. Azuba Vance; Josiah, b. 1759 m. whom?; Mary, b. 1761, Froman, 2nd m. Wm. Byers; John Jr., b. 1763, m. whom (Thomas?); David, b. 1765, m. Mary -?; Margaret, b. 1768, m. James Adams; Hannah, b. 1773, m. whom? Who was Margaret, Senior? Where did Josiah migrate before 1790?

(b). **Adams.**—Wanted information and correspondence on antecedents of James Adams, born ca 1760, married ca 1788-90 to Margaret Munn (b. 1768). They had son, James (2nd) (any others) who married, 1816, Summit Co., O., Hannah Goudy, b. 1795. Their children W. G. 1819; John M. 1820; Alexander 1822; Mary 1824; James 3rd 1826; Thos. 1828; Caroline (Weygandt) 1830; Chas. Lee 1831; Cyrus 1834. Who were Hannah's parents? Mrs. Weyant E. Morris (Kane Co.) Elburn, Illinois.

**G-H-'40. (a). Heck.**—Daniel Heck (Hecht) from Virginia, probably later moved to Tennessee, married Susannah Goodrich about 1820. She was born about 1799. He was about 60 years of age at

time of marriage. Family later moved to Iowa. Children were Martha Jane, John, David, —, — and Lucinda, a step daughter. Martha Jane married John Collins and had Edward Collins; Blanche Collins Hallowell, his daughter; Wilma Hallowell, Blanche's daughter. Family tradition says that Daniel Hech or his father went across the Delaware with George Washington. Want military record.

(b). **Lyon.**—Colonel Alfred Colburn Lyon, son of Moses Lyon and Grace Child, born March 4, 1753, in Woodstock, Connecticut, married Lydia Ballard and settled in Holland, Massachusetts. Moved to Brimfield, Massachusetts, about 1800. Child, Prudence Lyon, born Oct. 21, 1787. Colonel Alfred Colburn Lyon, born Oct. 21, 1787. Colonel Alfred Colburn Lyon died in Brimfield, Massachusetts, Dec. 5, 1813. What is his military record? J. Constance Chapman, Box 853, Carlsbad, New Mexico.



### Bible Records

The following Bible records were copied by Mrs. William E. Woodruff, wife of William E. Woodruff III, grandson of William E. Woodruff I, founder of the *Arkansas Gazette*, the first number of which was issued November 20, 1819. It is now the oldest newspaper west of the Mississippi River.

William E. Woodruff I was born December 24, 1795, at "Fire Place," Long Island, New York, died at Little Rock, Arkansas, 1885. His motto, to which he closely adhered, was: "It is the duty of every man to be useful in whatsoever situation he may be placed in life."

Jane Eliza Woodruff's Bible, presented to her by her husband, Wm. E. Woodruff, Little Rock, Ark., March 12, 1834. Bible printed in Philadelphia 1832.

William E. Woodruff and Jane Eliza Mills married Nov. 14, 1827, at the residence of Maj. Isaac Watkins in Little Rock, Territory of Ark.

William Edward Woodruff was the eldest son of Nathaniel and Hannah (Clarke) Woodruff of "Fire Place," Suffolk County, New York.

Jane Eliza (Mills) Woodruff was the second child of Abraham and Elizabeth Mills, born Feb. 10, 1810, at Louisville, Ky., died at Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 27, 1837. Aged 77 years and 17 days.

### Children

Alden Mills Woodruff born Aug. 27, 1828, died Sept. 10, 1893.

George Watkins Woodruff born Nov. 26, 1829, died Aug. 1, 1830.

William Edward Woodruff born June 8, 1831, died July 8, 1907.

Maria Jane Woodruff born May 3, 1833, died July 11, 1834.

Harriet Maria Woodruff born Jan. 31, 1836, died Jan. 17, 1918.

Mary Eliza Woodruff born April 27, 1838, died Feb. 20, 1911.

Evelina Walton Woodruff born June 21, 1840, died Nov. 30, 1927.

Frances Clarke Woodruff born April 4, 1843, died Feb. 6, 1936.

Jane Georgine Woodruff born Feb. 23, 1845, died Dec. 3, 1935.

Lizzie Ashley Woodruff born Jan. 9, 1848, died Oct. 29, 1854.

Chester Ashley Woodruff born Jan. 12, 1850, died Feb. 3, 1899.

Alden Mills Woodruff married 1st 1856, Eliza Sizer. To them were born:

Mary Jane Woodruff (living in Little Rock, Ark.).

George Woodruff, died in young manhood.

William Woodruff died in infancy.

Alden Mills Woodruff married 2nd Clementina Clay Sparks 1865. To them were born:

Willie Woodruff, (daughter) (living in Little Rock, Ark.).

William Edward Woodruff II, married 1868 Ruth Blocker.

Harriet Maria Woodruff married John Nicholas Jabine in 1855.

*Children*

Charles Woodruff Jabine born 1858.  
 George M. Jabine born 1861.  
 Eliza R. Jabine born 1861.  
 Hally Sneed Jabine born 1863.  
 Jane Eliza Jabine born 1865.  
 Frank Bell Jabine born 1867.  
 Hattie Jabine born 1869.  
 John Nicholas Jabine born 1874.  
 Shelby Jabine born 1876.  
 Daniel Jabine born 1879.  
 Eliza R. Jabine married in 1888 Henry Chambers Rather.

*Children*

John Daniel Rather born 1889.  
 Hal Jabine Rather born 1891.  
 Chas. Percell Rather born 1894.  
 Lucy Rather born 1897, died 1900.  
 Gordon Rather born 1901.  
 Hally Sneed Jabin married in 1887 Claude Sayle.  
 Evelina Walton Woodruff, dau. William E. Woodruff I, and Jane Mills Woodruff, married in 1869 Craddock R. Vaughn.

*Children*

Harry Gregory Vaughn }  
 Jamie V. Vaughn } Twins b. 1870.  
 Wm. Woodruff born 1872.  
 Vernon Legrand born 1874, died 1874.  
 Aimee Thompson Woodruff Vaughn born 1875, married Wm. Werchesky. To them were born:  
 Ernest Werchesky, lost during World War.  
 Georgine Werchesky, m. Charles Leo Krug. To them were born:  
 Aimee, May, Robin.  
 Jane Tracy, b. 1878, d. 1879.  
 Frances Clarke Woodruff, dau. of Wm. E. Woodruff I, and Jane Mills Woodruff, married Joseph R. Martin about 1866.

*Children*

Cliaborne Watkins Martin died in infancy.  
 Anne Martin married Robin Jones. They had: Nancy Jones.  
 Georgie Maria Martin.  
 Lilly Bell Martin married A. E. Sherrill.  
 Branch Woodruff Martin married Lydia Hodges. They had three children.  
 Joseph Adams married Jeraldine Apperson.

Mary E. Woodruff, dau. W. E. Woodruff I, and Jane Mills Woodruff, married Samuel Slade Bell June 6, 1866.

*Children*

Mary Rolfe Bell born June 12, 1870, died Oct. 11, 1891.  
 Eva Woodruff Bell and  
 Hattie Woodruff Bell, Twins born 1874.  
 Ruth Wilson Bell born 1876, died 1877.  
 Fanny Bell born June 23, 1874.  
 Eva Woodruff Bell married Francis Bennett Reynolds Feb. 26, 1906.

*Children*

Averell Woodruff Reynolds born Feb. 23, 1908.  
 Samuel Bell Reynolds born Apr. 20, 1913.  
 Francis Bennett Reynolds Jr. born Feb. 1, 1916.  
 Chester Ashley Woodruff, son of W. E. Woodruff I, and Jane Mills Woodruff, married 1st 1873 Mary Magnolia Thurston at Van Buren, Ark.

*Children*

Grace Lee Woodruff born 1874.  
 Charles Penzel Woodruff born 1876.  
 Bostick Thurston Woodruff born 1881, died in youth.  
 Mary M. Woodruff died in infancy.  
 Chester Ashley Woodruff married 2nd Kate Elizabeth McIntosh July 18, 1894. They had one son, Chester Ashley Woodruff born 1897, died 1932.  
 Grace Lee Woodruff married A. D. Davis of San Antonio, Texas.

*Children*

Freeman Davis.  
 Martha Davis.  
 Mildred Davis.  
 Rebecca Davis, died in infancy.  
 Bible and other records found in the family Bible of Hannah Clark Woodruff, mother of William E. Woodruff Sr., owned by William E. Woodruff III, Little Rock, Arkansas.  
 William Clark born May — 1709, died Jan. — 1789.  
 Mary Reeves (his wife) born Nov. 6, 1714, Nov. 5, 178—.  
 William Clark (2) born Sept. 15, 1746, died a prisoner of war on the "Jersey"

prison ship, July 18, 1779. He was a captain in the Revolutionary Army.

Phebe Davis, his wife, born Aug. 23, 1753. They were married 1774.

On the bottom of the page is written: "The property of Hannah Woodruff, bought in the year 1820, with money that was earned by her son, George Brown Woodruff."

Nathaniel Woodruff and Hannah Clark were married on the 8th of February 1795.

Matthew Woodruff and Hannah Robinson were married Dec. 6, 1724.

Nathaniel M. Woodruff and Mehittible Moger were married on the 22 of Sept., 1827.

William E. Woodruff and Jane Eliza Mills were married on the 14th of Nov. 1827, in the Territory of Arkansas.

Jeheil H. Woodruff and Amelia E. Smith were married Dec. 5, 1833.

Jeheil H. Woodruff and Sarah Floman were married Aug. 1843.

Nathaniel Woodruff born Nov. 12, 1774.  
Hannah (Clark) Woodruff born Nov. 15, 1774.

William E. Woodruff born Dec. 24, 1795.  
Matthew Edmund Woodruff born Sept. 11, 1799.

George Brown Woodruff born Oct. 22, 1802.

Nathaniel Melton Woodruff born Dec. 1, 1804.

Jeheil Hildreth Woodruff born Dec. 9, 1806.

Mary L. Woodruff born Oct. 25, 1824.

Phebe Jane Woodruff born July 24, 1828.

Nathaniel Woodruff died June 12, 1808, aged 33 years and 7 months.

George Brown Woodruff was drowned on his passage to Currituck the 12th of May, 1819, aged 17.

George Watkins Woodruff died Aug. 1, 1830, infant.

Marie Jane Woodruff died July 11, 1834, infant.

Amanda Emma Woodruff died Oct. 26, 1837, aged 2 years.

Mehitable Woodruff died July 30, 1840.

Amelie Woodruff died Oct. 11, 1842, aged 32 years, 2 months.

(Above written by Hannah Clark Woodruff.)

Hannah Clark Woodruff died Nov. 20, 1852, aged 78 years, 5 days.

Clipping found in Bible, from *Arkansas Gazette*, Nov. 20, 1827.

"Married in this place on Wednesday evening last, 14th inst., by Rev. Jesse Haile, Mr. Wm. E. Woodruff, printer (formerly of Long Island, New York) to Miss Jane E. Mills, (formerly of Louisville, Ky.), niece of Mrs. Isaac Watkins, all of this town."

#### RUTH BLOCKER WOODRUFF BIBLE

William Edward Woodruff, Jr. and Ruth Reid Blocker were married at the residence of Benjamin Murrow Blocker, near Martin's Ferry, in Blount County, Ohio, on the 22d day of Dec. A.D., 1868.

Margaret Woodruff married Henry J. Wilda, at the Little Church around the Corner, New York.

William Edward Woodruff III, and Elleene Heath were married April 5, 1916 at Second Presbyterian Church, Little Rock, Arkansas, by Rev. Hay Watson Smith.

William Edward Woodruff Jr., son of William Edward Woodruff Sr. and Jane Eliza Woodruff was born on the 8th day of June A.D. 1831, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Ruth Reid Blocker, daughter of Benjamin Merrow Blocker, and Margaret (Durbin) Blocker, was born on the 25th day of June A.D. 1849 at Cumberland, Allegany County, Maryland.

#### Their Children

Margaret Woodruff was born on the 13th day of April A.D. 1870, at Little Rock, Arkansas.

Elizabeth Woodruff was born on the 16th day of June 1872, at Little Rock, Arkansas.

William Edward Woodruff was born on the 26th day of June 1874, at Little Rock, Arkansas.

#### Deaths

W. E. Woodruff, Jr. died July 8th, 1907, buried at Mt. Holly family lot.

Ruth B. Woodruff, wife of W. E. Woodruff, Jr., died Jan. 10th, 1915, buried at Mt. Holly family lot.

Elizabeth Woodruff died Jan. 16th 1915.

Margaret Woodruff Wilda died Jan. 18th, 1936 in New York City.

Bible owned by William E. Woodruff III, copied by Mrs. William E. Woodruff III.



# • Parliamentary Procedure •

"The critical faculty has its value in correcting errors, reforming abuses, and demolishing superstitions. . . . But the constructive faculty is much nobler in itself, and immeasurably more valuable in its results, for the obvious reason that it is a much nobler and better thing to build up than to pull down. . . . It requires skill and labor to erect a building, but any idle tramp can burn it down."—J. M. GIBSON.

## Amendments to National By-Laws

AT the forty-ninth Continental Congress of our National Society, the National Constitution and By-Laws were amended. The Parliamentarian feels that this is an opportune time to make clear a number of points that seem to be somewhat confusing.

Copies of the proposed amendments were sent out to all chapters previous to the Congress, as required by our National By-Laws. These proposed amendments were amended, and in some cases substitute amendments were offered in entirety, so that the proposed amendments, as printed and sent out to chapters, were changed materially. Except in a few instances, the adopted amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws were not the same as the copies of the proposed amendments sent to chapters.

The Constitution and By-Laws of the National Society have been printed *as they were amended*. I think it is very necessary that each and every chapter secure a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the National Society for 1940, and study it carefully.

Turn to page 7, Article IV, Section 1, Officers: "The officers of this Society shall be a President General, a First Vice President General, a Second Vice President General, a Third Vice President General, etc." The change in this article is in the fact that while we still have twenty-one Vice Presidents General, that three of them, the First, the Second, and the Third, are to rank as members of the Cabinet and are to be chosen by the candidate for President General, and are not required to be endorsed by the state. However, I want to bring to your attention that the last paragraph of this Section 1 of Article IV reads: "No two Vice Presidents General shall be residents

of the same state or territory, or of the District of Columbia, or of any other country geographically outside of the United States." That is a very definite provision and leaves no room for any misunderstanding. Hence, while the First, the Second, and the Third Vice Presidents General may be chosen by the candidate for President General, and the other eighteen Vice Presidents General shall be endorsed by the State, "NO TWO VICE PRESIDENTS GENERAL SHALL BE RESIDENTS of the same state or territory, etc."

Note please, that this paragraph does NOT prescribe that no two Vice Presidents General, ENDORSED BY THE STATE, shall be residents of the same state, etc.—and the only required qualification is that of being a "Vice President General."

Please note that Article VI of the Constitution "may be amended by a two-thirds vote of any Continental Congress, except one at which the officers, other than the six Vice Presidents General, are elected." This simply means that the amending of the Constitution shall not take place in the year of the general election at which we elect the President General and her Cabinet.

There is a change in Article I of the National By-Laws, page 8. Formerly names of applicants presented to chapters had to be approved by either the chapter or its Board of Management, one or the other, and not by both. But with the amendments as adopted, a chapter may, in its By-Laws, prescribe that an applicant's name shall be approved by "either the chapter or its Board of Management, OR BY BOTH." But the definite provision still remains "THAT A MAJORITY VOTE SHALL ELECT." So a chapter, in voting on a name, should vote by ballot and not allow other than a "ma-

majority vote" to elect or defeat any applicant. A chapter By-Law, which prescribes "one black ball shall defeat a name," is out of order and in conflict with national rulings.

Read Article II, Election of Officers, very carefully. In Section 1 you will note that instead of seven Vice Presidents General being elected each year for a term of three years, that only **SIX** Vice Presidents General shall be elected at each regular meeting of the Continental Congress. If there are more than **SIX** candidates for the office of Vice President General, to receive a majority vote, then the **SIX** receiving the highest number of votes shall be declared elected.

In Section 4 there is one point to be clarified, and it is this, that the "six Vice Presidents General" are referred to in this section Number 4, when it speaks of the Vice President General being endorsed by ballot at the State Conference, in each state respectively, and a majority of the votes cast by ballot by members of the Continental Congress electing same.

There is also a change in Section 6. "It is definitely prescribed now that the title of Honorary President General shall be conferred, for life, by a two-thirds vote *by ballot* at any Continental Congress upon a member who has held the office of President General."

Section 8 prescribes that if the office of the President General becomes vacant, the First Vice President General shall become President General and that the Second and the Third Vice Presidents General shall succeed to the next higher ranks.

Provision is made also for the ranking Vice Presidents General, First, Second, and Third, performing the duties of President General in her absence from any meeting of the National Society or National Board of Management.

Right here, I believe, it would be well to answer a few of the questions which have come to me as your Parliamentarian. There has never been any rule prescribed in the By-Laws to the effect that a member of the Cabinet and a Vice President General shall not be selected from the same state, whereas, we *have had one* prescribing that "no two Vice Presidents General shall be residents of the same state." There have been many

instances in the past where a Vice President General and a Cabinet officer elected have been residents of the same state. To my knowledge there has never been any stated ruling regarding this matter, and neither has there ever been a definite ruling prescribed that two Cabinet officers should not be residents of the same state, but I do not ever remember of this having been the case.

The President General, on Friday morning of the Congress, informed the Congress, in a very distinct and clear-cut statement, that it would become necessary to provide for a period of readjustment so that the newly adopted amendments would become gradually effective over a period of years, until they could become completely effective. The following points were brought out:

1. The length of term of officers elected at the 49th Continental Congress, and previous Congresses, would not be affected by the amendments adopted.
2. Fourteen Vice Presidents General elected in 1939 and 1940 will remain in office in 1941.
3. In 1941 a First, a Second, and a Third Vice President General, as a part of the Cabinet, and four other Vice Presidents General, endorsed by the states, will be elected, making seven in all.
4. In 1942 the election of six Vice Presidents General for three years and one for two years will be in order. This must be done to keep the total number of Vice Presidents General at twenty-one.
5. In 1943, we are to elect the six Vice Presidents General for three years and one for one year. Then, in 1944, which is the time of our next general election, the four Vice Presidents General elected in 1941, the one elected in 1942 for two years, and the one elected in 1943 for one year, go out of office, and you will have remaining in office twelve Vice Presidents General, and vacancies for six more to be elected, together with a First, a Second, and a Third, which will complete your total number of twenty-one Vice Presidents General. Again I repeat that the First, Second, and Third Vice Presidents General are chosen as a part of the Cabinet and "the six other Vice

(Continued on page 73)

## On the American Bookshelf

Ethan Allen. Stewart H. Holbrook. The Macmillan Company, \$2.50.

The Log Cabin Myth. Harold R. Shurtleff. Harvard University Press, \$2.50.

Virginia, the New Dominion. Agnes Rothery. D. Appleton-Century Company, \$5.00.

Democracy. Ryllis and Omar Goslin. Harcourt, Brace & Company, \$1.00.

They Were Not Afraid to Die. A. C. M. Azoy. Stackpole Sons, \$2.00.

George Washington Headquarters in Georgetown. Bessie Wilmarth Gahn. Privately Printed.

The past is a root deep buried, but if that root takes its sustenance from welling springs, if the root be strong and healthy, untainted by disease and untouched by rot, the tree which reaches upward toward the sun may expect to withstand storms and tempests, and the leaves and fruit of its branches will be plentiful and good. So it is with nations.

Perhaps no book will testify to the strength of the root which produced this nation as does Stewart H. Holbrook's biography, "Ethan Allen." That valiant Vermont patriot is always in the midst of a whirlpool of struggle, struggle of the little territory later to be known as the Republic of Vermont, against the dominance of New Hampshire on the one hand and New York on the other; taking a lively and immediate part in the struggle of the American Colonies to achieve independence, and then struggling against the short-sightedness of the Congress of the new-born nation, which refused Vermont admission to its union. Here is a robust tale of physical struggle, and a story as well of intrigue in which the yokel Ethan plays diplomatic ducks and drakes with polished diplomats, flirting to such purpose that shortly after the hero's own unheroic death, the Congress of the United States welcomed Vermont into its family circle.

It is extremely fortunate that Ethan Allen had found a biographer who enters so well into the spirit of his subject, so that save for the quotation marks one would some-

times wonder whether Ethan Allen or Stewart Holbrook is speaking.

There is an incident in the book which has become an American tradition. It has been quoted at various crises in our history. It can be quoted aptly today. I refer to the veiled threat of an imposing official sent to Ethan Allen to insist that the people who had already purchased their lands, pay for them a second time. "We have," declared the pompous one, "might on our side, and you know that might often prevails against right."

And Ethan, standing like a pine tree, replied succinctly. "Sir, the gods of the hills are not the gods of the valleys." These dozen words sum up the ideals of democracy better than any book of many chapters.

Perhaps after reading "Ethan Allen" you will want to refresh your memory with the story of the American Revolution as a whole, in which case you will find that "They Were Not Afraid to Die" by A. C. M. Azoy, takes you over the ground, from the night when two riders, Paul Revere and William Dawes rode their horses through the night toward Lexington waking the countryside to awareness of danger, to that other night six years later when Colonel Tench Tilghman clattered into Philadelphia, shouting his news which the night watchman took up and proclaimed through the streets, "Past three o'clock and Cornwallis is taken. *All is Well!*" A trifle packed, yet the book presents the highlights which all Americans young and old should know. If you have forgotten some of them here is your opportunity for a quick and readable review.

At this point too, your attention is called to a piece of research by Bessie Wilmarth Gahn. With admirable industry, Mrs. Gahn has searched out all the information appertaining to the little stone house in Georgetown, known traditionally as "Washington's Headquarters," and as the office where the plans for the Capital City were made. She has fortified tradition with undisputed

facts, which Dr. J. C. Fitzpatrick, the well-known authority on all matters concerning George Washington, declares proves beyond doubt the authenticity of the building. It would seem therefore that efforts should be made to preserve this building as a national memorial. Mrs. Gahn's "George Washington's Headquarters" should assist greatly in achieving this.

No one who is interested in the first settlers of our country and in their manner of living can afford to be ignorant of the contents of Harold R. Shurtleff's "The Log Cabin Myth." In this publication he explodes forever the fallacy that the first settlers of America lived in log cabins. On the contrary he proves that the first settlers both in the north and the south built the type of frame houses to which they had been accustomed in England, namely, the cottage, often with the thatched roof. He proves his point both by quoting many a chapter and verse from source material, as well as by illustrations; the frontispiece, "Leyden Street in Plymouth," being drawn by Samuel Champlain in 1627. Part of the confusion in history perhaps derives from the fact that there were blockhouses built of logs with loopholes or embrasures and these blockhouses served as places of safety and defense against an attacking enemy. These structures were in common use in the Old World as a part of the general European technique of fortification during that period. "The cabin, hut or house of round or squared logs, the familiar cabin of Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln, a common type of dwelling construction in Scandinavia, Russia, Switzerland, and parts of Germany for centuries past, was brought to the New World by the first Scandinavian immigrants in 1638 and, independently, by the Germans about 1710. Admirably adapted as this type was to American conditions, the log cabin did not commend itself to the English colonists; the Scotch-Irish who began coming over in large numbers after 1718 *seem to have been the first English-speaking race to adopt it.*"\* From and through the Germans and Scotch-Irish it spread rapidly through the English colonies, and by the American Revolution had

become the typical American frontier dwelling from Maine to Tennessee."

Credit for the building best adapted to resist cold and dampness in the New World therefore appears to be due the Swedes and Finns who built the first log cabin beside Christina Creek in 1638, cabins similar to those they had known in the Old World. There are photographs and sketches which prove the author's points and add greatly to the value of the book. Those who are preparing pageants and historical exhibits, as well as writers and painters of colonial scenes, will do well to consult Mr. Shurtleff's book.

In a series of charming essays, which wander apparently irrelevantly, like a country road, but always reaching a certain conclusion, Agnes Rothery presents "Virginia, the New Dominion." From old apothecary shops to detailed directions on the curing of Virginia hams, Miss Rothery takes her leisurely way; from colonial mansion to the cabins of the mountaineers, she journeys, never neglecting anything of beauty she may find, and not hesitating to point out the chestnut blight or the blight of poverty and ignorance. Virginia of yesterday as revealed in the Virginia of today, from Williamsburg restored, the mission schools, the plantations, Mount Vernon, seaport and shipyard, Hampton Roads and Langley Field, "all constitute that small segment of earth which is Virginia." If you are a Virginian you will quote many of its sentences after reading, if you are not a Virginian you will wish you were, and if you have not traveled from one end of the state to the other, you will make a mental resolve to start at once. If you wish to read for pleasure here is an author worthy of your time. And the illustrations of E. H. Suydam are plentiful and in tune with the author's presentation.

This is a day for the spreading of various doctrines; a day when, according to the report of school teachers, young pupils are better informed on totalitarian forms of government than they are concerning the system under which they receive their education. It is an old axiom that it sometimes becomes necessary to fight fire with fire. The publication "Democracy" therefore

\*Italicized by the reviewer.

was issued to define in simple terms the principles of democracy for the ten- or eleven-year-old. It is illustrated with photographs to drive home its points, which may be summed up in one of the final paragraphs:

"Democracy means a number of things. People in a democracy must learn how to enjoy the freedom of living their own lives. They must know how to decide important questions for themselves and how to take part with others in making rules for the good of all. When they disagree over some question, they must listen to all points of view and then choose the one they consider right. They must let the other fellow have his own opinions whether they agree with him or not. Even when they are anxious to get something done, they must be willing to wait until enough people can be persuaded so that it can be done peacefully rather than by force."

In short democracy means "freedom, tolerance, and equal opportunity to everyone."

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

"First Census" of Kentucky, 1790. Charles Brunk Heinemann and Gaius Marcus Brumbaugh, Washington, D. C. Edition limited to 350 copies. Published and sold by G. M. Brumbaugh, \$3.50 delivered.

This "First Census" of Kentucky is not offered as a State or Federal enumeration of inhabitants. It is a privately compiled list of tax payers appearing in the tax lists of all Kentucky counties which were established at the time of the First Federal Census.

The names of the tax payers are arranged alphabetically, facilitating searching and avoiding duplication of an index of names. The name of the county where each tax payer was listed is shown.

The source of material used in this compilation is the old personal property tax lists preserved in the archives of the Kentucky State Historical Society at Frankfort.

Part 2 of this volume presents the Land Tax Lists of Virginia for the Counties of King George 1782, Prince William 1784, Charles City 1787 and Personal Tax List of Fayette County, Kentucky 1787-88.

Genealogists and historians will readily see the importance of these records to the researcher. The value of the book is enhanced by the addition of a map showing "Counties of Kentucky 1792 in respect to modern counties".

MARIE TATE.

### Other Books Received

MEXICO TODAY. A volume of *The Annals of The American Academy of Political and Social Science*, 3457 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

ACROSS THE BUSY YEARS. Nicholas Murray Butler. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$3.75.

MARSHALL AND TANEY, Statesmen of the Law. Ben W. Palmer. The University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, \$3.50.

DESCENDANTS OF JEREMIAH JAGGER (GAGER) AND JOHN JAGGER. Compiled by Harry G. Gager, 157 Fourth Street, San Francisco, California, \$1.

SOMEONE HAS BEEN HERE BEFORE YOU. Emma Gibbons, Buffalo, New York, \$1.50.

CATALOGUE XIX, RARE BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS. Hans P. Kraus, 21 East 57th Street, New York.

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# Committee Reports

## Motion Pictures

**THREE** pictures of exceptional merit, which have already been reviewed in previous issues, are still current because of changes in release dates—**OUR TOWN**; **WATERLOO BRIDGE**; and **EDISON, THE MAN**. The three, while wholly unlike, have some things in common. Each is a superb example of film technique, each has a fine cast and some brilliant acting, and each has a story laid in the past. The story telling method used in **OUR TOWN** and **WATERLOO BRIDGE** is unusual and the suspense in each picture derives largely from the way in which the events take place rather than from the events themselves. In **WATERLOO BRIDGE** there is an ironic linking of the two Great Wars. The story opens in 1940 when a veteran of 1914 stands on Waterloo Bridge and thinks over the events that took place a quarter century before. The tale is of less importance than the characters in it. The photography is noteworthy and should put the cameraman in line for an Academy Award. He won one last year with his camera work in **THE GREAT WALTZ**.

The film **OUR TOWN** is as unusual as was the stage play. Frank Craven narrates the story, starting in the year 1901 and ending in 1913, in a simple, straightforward way, as if one were to say—"You see it happened like this"; and then goes on to tell of two small-town families living next door to each other.

**EDISON, THE MAN** is out of the ordinary both because of its subject material and the brilliant characterization of Spencer Tracy as Thomas Edison.

The speech given by Edison, then eighty-two years old, at a banquet honoring him during the celebration of the "Golden Jubilee of Light," will undoubtedly be widely discussed. It is worth repeating here:

"To be told by the outstanding men and women of your time that you have contributed a great deal to human betterment is pleasant—very pleasant. I'd hardly be human if my heart didn't fill from

such a magnificent compliment. But, oddly enough, I haven't yet achieved a success I want.

"Earlier this evening I talked with two school children. Tomorrow the world will be theirs. It's a troubled world full of doubt and uncertainty. You say we men of science have been helping it. Are those children—and their children going to approve what we have done? Or are they going to discover too late that science was trusted too much—so that it turned into a monster whose final triumph was man's own destruction?

"Some of us are beginning to feel that danger. But we have a chance to avoid it. I once had two dynamos. They ne ded regulating. It was a problem of balance and adjustment. I believe the confusion in the world today presents almost the same problem. The dynamo of man's God-given ingenuity is running away with the dynamo of his equally God-given humanity.

"I'm too old now to do much more than say put those dynamos in balance. Make them work in harmony as the Great Designer intended they should. It can be done. What man's mind can conceive, man's character can control. This will happen, and tomorrow man will go forward to more light."

Each picture should be seen for each one has a memorable appeal and will capture the hearts of those who see it. All three will undoubtedly be among the best of 1940.

The following pictures are listed as suitable for type of audience indicated, and the synopsis is given to aid you in selecting your motion picture entertainment. Audience classifications are as follows: "Adults," 18 years and up; "Young People," 15 to 18 years; "Family," all ages; "Junior Matinee," suitable for a special children's showing.

### ANDY HARDY MEETS A DEBUTANTE (MGM)

Director: George B. Seitz. Cast: Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Lewis Stone, Sara Haden.

One more in the excellent series of stories treating of the life and problems of the Hardy family. This version takes the Judge and his family to New York where son Andy becomes involved in a series of mishaps resulting from his attempts to meet a debutante with whom he is infatuated. The story is well directed, is full of human interest and has a fine comedy balance. Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland play together for the first time since

"Babes In Arms," and those who have enjoyed the ability of these two young people will watch with interest their work in this film. Family.

### ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS (RKO Radio)

Director: Jack Hively. Cast: Anne Shirley, James Ellison, Henry Travers, Patric Knowles.

An adaptation of the novel by L. M. Montgomery, a favorite of young readers of the past generation. The story is a simple, human interest one of a young teacher, appointed assistant principal in the high school of a small Canadian town, who meets enmity and jealousy on her arrival but overcomes them by her own sweetness and thoughtfulness. This is the third in the series based on the fictional character of Mrs. Montgomery's books. Anne Shirley plays the role of the young girl whose name she adopted for the screen. A strong cast gives excellent support, the direction is satisfactory and the musical score well suited to the picture. Family.

### MARYLAND (20th Century-Fox)

Director: Henry King. Cast: Walter Brennan, Fay Bainter, John Payne, Brenda Joyce, Charlie Ruggles.

An elaborate production, filmed in Technicolor, with the lovely Maryland country as a setting. The story concerns horses and those who breed and race them, and more particularly a woman embittered over the death of her husband in a racing accident, whose interest is reawakened when her son wins the Maryland Hunt Cup. Walter Brennan, whose work in "Kentucky" will be remembered, is excellent in the leading role. A strong supporting cast, fine direction and beautifully photographed scenes make the picture one of exceptional worth. Adults and young people.

### THE MORTAL STORM (MGM)

Director: Frank Borzage. Cast: Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart, Robert Young, Frank Morgan, Maria Ouspenskaya.

The scene adaptation of the novel by Phillis Bottome is a stirring, dramatic document of Germany in the turbulent year of 1933. It tells the story of a German Professor and his family torn apart by the political forces at work under Hitler's leadership. There is no attempt at sensationalism but rather an effort to picture truth in a frank and unexaggerated way. There are thrilling scenes taken from the pages of history, one of which is the interior of a German concentration camp. A true picture of what goes on in these camps has been gathered from interviews with many people on their experiences in them. A noteworthy cast gives an impressively convincing interpretation of the tragic events. A timely picture, basically documentary, to be commended for its fearlessness. Adults and young people.

### SANDY IS A LADY (Universal)

Director: Charles Lamont. Cast: Baby Sandy, Mischa Auer, Tom Brown, Nan Grey.

An amusing comedy dealing with the problems of a family in present day New York, and with

the complications brought about by the wandering habits of a delightful two year old. This is Baby Sandy's fourth picture and her ability to steal scenes is clearly demonstrated. A good cast, which includes the unique comedian, Mischa Auer, and skilful direction make the picture a light, enjoyable one. Family.

## Short Subjects

### CAVALCADE OF ACADEMY AWARDS (Vitaphone)

Brief scenes from films that have won Academy Awards since 1928, and the presentation proceeding of the Academy Award dinner of 1940. Interesting for those who follow the motion pictures. Family.

### PLAYMATES FROM THE WILD (Paramount)

An out-of-the-ordinary subject featuring Emil Liers and his trained otters. Filmed at Daytona Beach, Florida, it shows the small animals sliding down sand dunes, playing in the water and performing amusing tricks that indicate their intelligence and adaptability to training. Ted Husing's comments are enjoyable. Family.

### PLEASUREBOUND IN CANADA (Columbia)

A camera journey through the broad valleys of one of the most picturesque waterways of the North American Continent—the St. Lawrence River. The tour takes the traveler past the Thousand Islands, into Lake Ontario, stopping at the industrial city of Hamilton, then to Ottawa, the national Capital, with its beautiful parliament buildings. The highlights of the trip is a visit to Canada's National Fair, where the picturesque Royal Canadian Dragoons can be seen. The subject, filmed in natural color, is well presented. Family.

MARION LEE MONTGOMERY,  
(Mrs. LeRoy)

National Chairman.

## Good Citizenship Pilgrims Clubs

THE following excerpts and news from letters of members of the Good Citizenship Pilgrims Clubs seem to the National Chairman to be of such interest that she wishes to share them with you.

*District of Columbia '40 Pilgrim*—"We are planning to establish our own newspaper and as soon as we get out our first issue I'll make sure one is sent to you. . . . I should like very much to make our Society a lasting one."

*Vermont State Chairman* announces the organization of a club on the campus of the University of Vermont.

*Minnesota '36 Pilgrim* is President of the Twin-City Club which is the nucleus of the state club. Geneva offers three suggestions: "stronger organization, more information about what the clubs are doing, a national project."

*Alabama '39 Pilgrim* is organizing a club at Alabama State College for Women.

*Pennsylvania '37 Pilgrim*—"I believe that the Pilgrims could have as great and important a society as any now in existence." Dorothy is a Junior at Penn State College in the School of Education.

*Virginia '36 Pilgrim* writes that a letter with the D. A. R. insignia always gives her a thrill!

*Idaho '38 Pilgrim*—"Our club members of the National Pilgrims Club of 1938 are keeping in touch with each other through chain letters and our secretary Iowa '38 publishes a newspaper containing items of news about each of us. We are making plans for a reunion in 1943—at least we are starting to save money for the trip."

*Wisconsin '36 Pilgrim*—"I am attending the University of Wisconsin and expect to graduate in June with a B.A. and M.A. degree. . . . I believe that the Society of Good Citizenship Pilgrims Clubs is as yet unorganized in Wisconsin but I should be very glad to do all I could to 'promote its welfare' as I think it is an excellent opportunity for the girls to contact each other."

*Maryland '36 Pilgrim*—"I am a business girl and am very busy—I think the whole idea of the Society of Good Citizenship Pilgrims Clubs a very fine thing—I met such a marvelous group of girls the year I went to Washington—I wish to tell you that I am more than interested in the Alumnae . . . please send me anything in the way of information as I would like to become active in the organization. I have always thought it would be wonderful if my year could meet again, some time, some place."

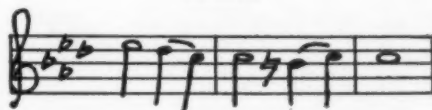
*Recommendation* from a discussion group at the District meeting in Los Angeles, "We feel that a member of the Good Citizenship Pilgrims Club should accompany a D. A. R. chapter member to her old high school and address the senior class, giving a thorough understanding of the

ideals of the Citizenship Pilgrims before a representative of the class is chosen." . . . "We did not realize what a high honor we were receiving when we were chosen or how much we had to live up to."

*Suggestion:* National Project a National Bulletin carrying the title "Modern Pilgrims Progress."

BARBARA S. WHITTAKER  
(Mrs. Elmer H.),  
National Chairman.

## Advancement of American Music



"AMERICAN WOMEN COMPOSERS" has been chosen as the subject for the year 1940-1941. This was inspired by the knowledge that Caroline Scott Harrison, our first President General, and other founders were interested in music. To honor the memory of these pioneer women, the National Chairman is asking every chapter to use music by American women composers at least once during this fiftieth anniversary year. She urges every chapter to cooperate in this request, hoping to make the final report one hundred per cent.

Monthly divisions of the subject are suggested as follows:

- September—Patriotic music.
- October—D. A. R. Composer-members.
- November—Secular solo songs.
- December—Religious music.
- January—Music for children.
- February—Music for solo instruments.
- March—Author-composers.
- April—Music built on folk tunes.
- May—Vocal ensembles.
- June—Orchestral music.

The national chairman letter to chapter chairmen will be printed in the Regent's Brochure. Her letter to state chairmen will be mailed during the summer.

JANET CUTLER MEAD  
(Mrs. Edward G. Mead),  
National Chairman.



THE WASHINGTON HEADQUARTERS ASSOCIATION IN NEW YORK CITY, WHERE A TABLET WAS RECENTLY UNVEILED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. SAMUEL J. KRAMER, FOUNDER OF THE ORGANIZATION. THE TABLET BEARS THE INSCRIPTION: "TO HONOR THE MEMORY OF ELLA WILSON KRAMER, ORGANIZER WASHINGTON HEADQUARTERS ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK, AND ITS FIRST PRESIDENT, 1904-1906. CHAPTER REGENT, N. S. D. A. R. 1902-1926. NEW YORK STATE REGENT, N. S. D. A. R. 1926-1929. CURATOR GENERAL, N. S. D. A. R. 1929-1932. IN LOVING APPRECIATION OF HER STERLING CHARACTER, BRILLIANT INTELLECT AND PATRIOTIC WORK FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH, THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY THE WASHINGTON HEADQUARTERS ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1940"

## News Items

**THE Turtle Creek Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Lebanon, Ohio, honored "The Golden Lamb" as the oldest hotel in Ohio, in an impressive ceremony.

The welcome address by Mayor Waldron C. Gilmore greeted the visiting D. A. R.'s and other guests, and was a splendid introduction to the program that followed.

Little Joan Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Jones, proprietors of "The Golden Lamb," drew the cord that unveiled the beautiful bronze tablet presented by the regent, Mrs. W. C. Turton, for the chapter.

Relics and family heirlooms were dis-

played throughout the city. The Library displayed first editions and manuscripts with portraits of early pioneers. The *Western Star*, local weekly and Ohio's oldest newspaper, published a complete historical issue in which the first *Western Star* was reproduced exactly as printed, February 13, 1807. The program was broadcast and the whole community took part in the historic occasion.

Interest aroused by this celebration has already carried over into active results. A county Historical Society is being organized to plan a similar celebration each



MISS JOSEPHINE MASSENGILL DE FRIECE REPRESENTING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY ON THE SYCAMORE SHOALS CHAPTER FLOAT DEPICTING "AMERICA FOR PEACE"

year. The old cemetery, resting place of the first settlers, is to be restored and given proper recognition.

Miss Josephine Massengill DeFriece represented the Statue of Liberty on the float entitled "America for Peace," which won

first prize in the Annual Dogwood Festival in Bristol, Virginia. The float was entered by the **Sycamore Shoals Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, a large and active chapter of southwest Virginia, which has been instrumental in organizing a number of chapters in that section. An active C. A. R. So-



ciety, in addition to numerous other activities, is now being sponsored by the chapter which numbers sixty-nine members.

In memory of the soldiers of the American Revolution buried in Fayette County, the **Bryan Station Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Lexington, Kentucky, recently unveiled a tablet. The tablet has been placed at the Fayette County Court House.

Under the auspices of **Limestone Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Maysville, Kentucky, a bronze marker was recently unveiled in honor of Captain John Rust, a Revolutionary soldier, at the grave on the Colonel Harrison farm.

The presiding officer was Mrs. Horace B. Clarke, regent of Limestone Chapter.

The historical sketch was delivered by Mr. Clayton E. Wheat, of West Point, New York, great-great-grandson of Captain Rust.

The marker was unveiled by Miss Nancy Rust Barkley, youngest representative of the fourth generation of grand-daughters of Captain Rust.

**Mary Wooster Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Danbury, Connecticut, chose for its Golden Jubilee project the establishment of new headquarters and historical rooms. For ten years, the chapter's valuable collection of historical relics, books, prints, local documents, china, and furniture has been stored. The first floor and basement of the Clark-Bulkley home, the third house in Danbury to be built of brick and more than one hundred years of age, now houses these valuables.

The "front and back parlors" make an attractive assembly room. A smaller room, with cases, contains the smaller relics and documents. Two basement rooms will be redecorated and put into use later.

Of its valuable articles, two pulpit Bibles are probably most treasured. One, a Bible containing the Book of Common Prayer, was published in 1715, presented to St. James' Church in Danbury and spared with the church when the town was burned in 1777; the other, a pulpit Bible printed in 1771, was used for many years in the First Church of Danbury which was chartered in 1695.

## Gallipolis

(Continued from page 20)

garden beyond the palings used to stop sometimes to tell me the story of Bluebeard."

What a picture! Flower-gardens, palings, swans in basins and stories in the wilderness of Bluebeard! While word came that the land where the Frenchmen dwelt did not belong to them, but to the great Ohio Company. The Scioto Company refused to aid them longer. Nothing could be obtained except with cash, and cash had disappeared or was nearly at the vanishing point. One family lived on a little boiled corn without salt or fat for a time. The silversmith was taken prisoner by the Indians. And sickness came upon them. Many died. Others turned to the wilderness as hunters. They disappeared. A few returned to France.

But one man set forth to Philadelphia and talked to a French lawyer there. With his aid he went to Congress. And to the credit of that body a grant of land was made to the colonists, a grant known as the French Grant. But it was outside Gallipolis.

All survivors were to share in that grant. A few went there to settle. Others did not wish to leave the only home they had known. So the Ohio Company was approached and agreed to sell Gallipolis to them for a minimum amount. After all their difficulties the remnant who remained in the Paris in the Wilderness had a home. Men brought up in ease and indolence had learned to chop trees, to plow, sow and reap. Women who had worn silks and satins learned to spin cotton and wool. The tradesmen learned new ways, the craftsmen adapted themselves. And rich and poor had been drawn together through common need. The brotherhood and equality of which the French Revolutionists sang had become a reality to Frenchmen in the American wilderness.

And there is another consolation. If these Frenchmen had attempted to remain in their homeland during the years of stress there, it may be that in the end no more would have survived.

## • State Conferences •

*The report of the South Carolina State Conference was mailed to the Magazine a few days after the conclusion of the Meeting in March. However, it miscarried, and the State Press Relations Chairman has just sent a duplicate which is printed below*

### SOUTH CAROLINA

THE forty-fourth annual State Conference was held March 18-20, 1940, at Myrtle Beach with headquarters at Lafayette Manor. Mrs. William Sutherland Allan, State Regent, presided.

The formal opening Monday night was featured by the usual processional and greetings were given by representatives of a number of civic and patriotic organizations. The main address of the evening was given by General Charles P. Summerall, President of the Citadel, the Military College of South Carolina, who spoke on "Education and Patriotism." This address sounded the keynote of the conference.

Reports of state officers and chairmen were given the second day. The achievements of the past year's work reported by the officers and chairmen were most encouraging. The State Regent urged the completion of all Golden Jubilee Projects by fall in her report. A special State Project, that of the raising of an endowment fund for the upkeep of Old Exchange, the

State D. A. R. Building, was discussed at length during the conference.

At the luncheon Tuesday, Tamasee was the theme. Mr. Ralph Cain, superintendent of our mountain school, brought greetings and the guests were entertained with songs by a group of Tamasee girls.

Tuesday afternoon was devoted to a very impressive memorial service for members deceased during the past year with Mrs. J. D. Todd, State Chaplain, in charge. Later a drive to beautiful Brookgreen Gardens, courtesy of the Lions and Civitan clubs, and a colonial tea with the Peter Horry Chapter, hostess, were enjoyed.

Chapter Regents' Banquet was held that evening with a large number of regents present. The reports showed a variety of activities and much work accomplished.

The closing session Wednesday included committee reports, resolutions and announcements.

Rebecca Motte Chapter extended an invitation for the conference to meet in Charleston next year.

Preceding the formal opening of Conference the Good Citizenship Pilgrims Club meeting was held, with Mrs. E. Weber Walling, State Chairman, in charge.

MRS. ROBERT K. WISE,  
State Press Relations Chairman.

## Recessional for America

FLORENCE BURRILL JACOBS

*Let us be brave enough to turn our eyes  
Toward simple ways of living, now, before  
A ruthless strength shall ravage us of more  
Than mind can meet . . . Aye, brave enough and wise  
To take the hill path once again, the road  
Afoot across the prairie; strong to face  
Those days around the Horn, and bring God's grace  
Back to a land refounded on His code.*

## • Junior Membership •

DEAR JUNIORS:

With the excellent response of the Juniors to registration, attendance at the Junior Breakfast and Assembly, and many exhibits, it would certainly seem that we had a very successful week at Congress, accomplished through your cooperation. On behalf of the 1940 Junior Assembly Committee, I want to thank all of you for your assistance.

You have a splendid new committee to carry on the work, with a very able chairman. I urge again that we give them all possible support and cooperation.

My very best wishes to all of you for continued success of the Junior organization.

THELMA LEBAR BROWN,

*Chairman 1940 Junior D. A. R. Assembly.*

DEAR JUNIORS:

On arriving home from Continental Congress, I found myself repacking my bags for a sudden trip to California with my husband.

I'm more than pleased to have such an active Executive Board and such active committee chairmen.

I'm looking forward to a pleasant year with you all, and do want your support.

MABEL A. DICKENSON,

*Chairman of 1941 Junior Assembly.*

### *Georgia Juniors*

THE Second Assembly of the Georgia Juniors was held in Augusta, Georgia, with many officers of the National Society as special guests.

Ways and means of financing projects, and also gaining new members, was discussed at a round table get-together before the assembly meeting.

Mrs. Frank L. Nason, Registrar General, told in a most delightful talk what the Junior Membership had meant to the National Board Members.

In a message filled with encouragement and inspiration, Mrs. Schermerhorn thrilled the Juniors with her enthusiasm for Junior Work, and left many helpful suggestions, new ideas and goals for which the Juniors might strive.

MARY MCCORD WALTHALL.

### *The Fourth Annual Midwest Regional*

THE Midwest Regional Conference for Juniors was held in Bloomington, Illinois, with Juniors of Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter as hostesses.

Miss Carey stated that there were two hundred and fifty Juniors in twelve groups actively engaged in many unusual phases of work.

Miss Helen McMackin, State Regent of Illinois, was introduced, and in her talk said that the D. A. R. builds from Juniors, and the Juniors build from the C. A. R. In their contacts each group learns a great deal from the other; the keynote of any organization is cooperation.

Mrs. George Schermerhorn, Organizing Secretary General, said in part that every Junior group wants a mother chapter and that there is a need for new ideas in our Society.

The Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter planned a lovely program for the meeting, and introduced talented Eleanor Syllas Peters of Peoria who read "The American Way." Miss Peters was accompanied on the piano by Mrs. C. D. Snellers.

RUTH V. CLEMENT,

*Press Relations of Midwest  
Regional Juniors.*

### *Louisa St. Clair Juniors: Michigan*

THE Juniors of Louisa St. Clair of Detroit have had an interesting and worthwhile year under our able chairman, Mrs. Hansel D. Wilson.

Fifty dollars has been given in scholar-

ship awards to Hillsdale College, Michigan. Willing and active support was given to the chapter at their Hobby Horse Fair, at which the Junior Attic Shop was the most profitable booth of the Fair.

Programs for the meetings have been varied, and include: An address on the Constitution by a Junior husband, a costume and musical program on Williamsburg, and a talk on Small Home Interiors.

MRS. HARRY P. JENNINGS.

### *The Next Day*

NOW I know what it means to be a D. A. R. It doesn't give me the right to boast of my ancestors. I'm proud of them, it's true, but that isn't my purpose. I have something worthwhile, something constructive to accomplish. I am a part of a new generation—a generation that will comprise the adults of tomorrow. But when tomorrow comes, what about the next day? That is my task.

Some time ago I sat through a morning session of our state conference, and I realized more forcefully than ever before the good that the National Society is doing. There is a national committee which sponsors Junior American Citizens' Clubs. It is the aim of the workers in this field to teach grade school children to become better citizens, clubs being formed in the schools to further this purpose. At this session a program was presented by fourteen Junior American Citizens.

Did you ever hear a young boy give the School Boy's Creed? Well, I did, and a little shiver ran up and down my spine. He is a part of the "next day." Four girls gave an impressive flag ritual, each telling the meaning of the different parts of the flag. And then, eight little boys sang "God

Bless America." It made me all quiet inside. I lost part of my fear for the "next day."

What came next? One hundred and fifty high school senior girls marched into the room. They had been chosen by their classmates as the most outstanding girls. One of them, because of superior qualifications, was to be chosen to go to Washington to represent my state. I heard her name called, and this girl, daughter of immigrant parents, walked to the platform and recited for the audience "America for Me." I realized again that our organization, the D. A. R., was helping to instill into the hearts of thousands of young girls the idea that the United States is the storehouse of the world. It was giving them the key to open it.

The man who was to speak to these girls was the president of a southern mountain school, one of those which the D. A. R. aids in its work. He spoke of the conditions that existed in the school, and of the children who lacked the necessities of life. I came to know more fully the situation that I, as a member of a contributing organization, was helping to alleviate. Then, the man said something which I can't forget. He said that being a member of the D. A. R. didn't give me any added privileges, but rather imposed additional obligations.

I've thought of that a great deal. Not more privileges; more responsibilities. He's right. Just because I can trace my ancestors back one hundred and fifty years doesn't add to my position in society. That undertaking is up to me. No one can help me; I must do it alone.

If I can have the opportunity to help build a tomorrow that is glorious, the possibilities of the "next day" are boundless. I have my opportunity in the D. A. R.

BETTY GEAGLEY,  
Lansing, Michigan.

## Grandfather's Eyes

THEODORA BATES COGSWELL

*Grandfather now has lain at rest  
Full forty years. I should have said  
That even I, his "little lass,"  
Would scarce recall him, so long dead.*

*Yet here where my own glass reflects  
My face, grown lined and strange to see,  
I feel my heart glow warm because  
Grandfather's eyes smile forth at me.*

## Martin County

(Continued from page 37)

building in West Shoals, in 1878, when they were moved back.

Until shortly after the turn of the century, West Shoals continued as the county seat of Martin County. At that time the eastern boundaries of West Shoals were dissolved and the western boundaries of Shoals extended to take in the town of West Shoals.

Thus was the county seat of Martin County, after a turbulent, roving career, anchored at last in the town of Shoals where it bids fair to remain.

## La Crosse

(Continued from page 39)

Mississippi River, describing their customs and trade."

"In summer they play a great deal at lacrosse, twenty or more on each side. Their bat crosse is a sort of small racket and the Ball with which they Play is of very Hard wood a little larger than the balls we use in tennis. When they Play they are entirely naked; they have only a breech clout and shoes of deerskin. Their bodies are painted all over with all kinds of colors. There are some who paint their bodies with white clay applying it to resemble silver lace sewed on all the seams of a coat and at a distance one would take it for silver lace.

"They play for large sums and often the Prize amounts to more than 800 livres. They set up two goals and begin their game midway between; one party drives the ball in one way and the other in an opposite direction and those who can drive it to the goal are the winners. All this is very diverting and interesting to behold. . . . The French frequently take part in these games."

One writer describes the ball being made of deer hide and stuffed with animal fur. The sticks were of hickory or other hard wood and were laced back and forth with small strips of hide, the handle being about three feet long. Undoubtedly there were variations and modifications of the game.

The State Teachers College in La Crosse calls its paper "The Racquet."

A chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized December 11, 1896, with fifteen charter members, at the home of Mrs. Angus Cameron, the State Regent, Mrs. James S. Peck presiding. The name La Crosse Chapter was chosen as suitable in every way. Mrs. Cameron, a most gracious and lovely lady, served as regent until 1898, when she resigned to become a Vice President General of the National Society, the first to fill that office from Wisconsin.

Hamlin Garland, the eminent author, who was born in West Salem, La Crosse County, depicted in his writings the hard life of the pioneers, relieving the somber pictures with glimpses of the beauties of nature. "Main Travelled Roads," "Trail Makers of the Middle Border," "A Son of the Middle Border," and "A Daughter of the Middle Border" have many scenes laid in this vicinity. It was to West Salem that Mr. Garland brought his parents to spend their declining years and there they are buried. For a number of years following, his own family used the homestead summers, and it is now a point of great interest to tourists who visit this section of Wisconsin.

## Fort Wilkinson

(Continued from page 47)

at Fort Wilkinson-Ville for them to visit the graves of Colonel David Strong and his son, Joseph, whom they had known at Marietta. Their notes state that the graves were just outside the walls of the fort and that the site was then occupied by Wilkinson-Ville.

Few Illinois historians have mentioned the old fort and for many years it was practically forgotten. But members of the Egyptian Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Cairo, Illinois, with the aid of Mr. William Nelson Moyers, succeeded in locating the fort and found that as many as seventy Revolutionary soldiers were buried there. On Memorial Day in 1936, a Government marker was unveiled and dedicated on the grounds at Old Fort Wilkinson-Ville by the Egyptian Chapter, in memory of Lieutenant



Colonel David Strong. Among the speakers was Mr. Moyers, who had done so much to uncover the history of the fort.

This immediate section of Illinois has no state or Federal park. The location of this fort site is ideal for such purpose and strong efforts are being made to have it developed into a recreational spot with suitable markers and replicas of old buildings to remind the present and future generations of the part played here in the early development of the great "Northwest Territory."

## Parliamentary Procedure

(Continued from page 59)

"Presidents General" are to be endorsed by the states.

The action of the Congress to carry these necessary provisions into effect is given, together with the complete verbatim discussion, in the *Proceedings* sent to every chapter.

Read carefully—please—Article XV, Section 2, "Amendments to these By-Laws (National) shall take effect at the close of the Continental Congress at which they are adopted." This being the case, the amendment to Article X, Section 2, "No member shall hold, at the same time, two offices carrying a vote, at the Annual State Conference," went into effect at the close of last Congress (1940).

Any member holding two such offices, must resign one of them. There can be no exception. All chapters and all State Societies come under the same rules.

Faithfully yours,

ARLINE B. N. MOSS  
(Mrs. John Trigg Moss),  
Parliamentarian.

## One More Mountain

(Continued from page 33)

spring for water and her song was:  
"Aboard a man-o'-war, a merchantman,  
Many's been the battles that I've fought in,  
And it's all for the glory of George

Washington

That I'll be a brave, brave soldier boy."  
That tune was popular in the camps and when the soldiers heard it they smiled.

"How did that tune get way out here?"

"How did we get away out here is what I'm wondering."

JOHN S.  
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# MINUTES

## NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT

### SPECIAL MEETING

June 6, 1940.

**T**HE Special meeting of the National Board of Management was called to order by the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., in the Board Room, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C., Thursday, June 6, 1940, at 12 noon.

The Lord's Prayer was repeated in unison, followed by the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Heaume, called the roll and the following members were recorded as present: *National Officers:* Mrs. Robert, Mrs. Haig, Mrs. Heaume, Mrs. Herrin, Mrs. Schermerhorn, Miss Schwarzwaelder, Mrs. Nason, Mrs. Sisson, Mrs. Steele. *State Regents:* Mrs. Oberholser, Mrs. Stapp. *State Vice Regent:* Mrs. Davis.

The Treasurer General, Miss Schwarzwaelder, moved that 62 former members be reinstated. Seconded by Mrs. Oberholser. Carried.

The Registrar General, Mrs. Nason, read her report.

#### Report of Registrar General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

I have the honor to report 554 applications presented to the Board, this being 59 more than were reported in June 1939.

ISABELLE C. NASON,  
*Registrar General, N. S. D. A. R.*

Mrs. Nason moved that the 554 applicants whose records have been verified by the Registrar General be elected to membership in the National Society. Seconded by Mrs. Davis. Carried.

The Organizing Secretary General, Mrs. Schermerhorn, read her report.

#### Report of Organizing Secretary General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

Through their respective State Regents, the following members-at-large are presented for confirmation, as Organizing Regents:

Mrs. Mildred S. Ingram, Manhasset, L. I. N. Y.  
Miss Laura Underwood, East Columbia, Texas.

The following Organizing Regencies have expired by time limitation:

Mrs. Mary Towns Banks Harris, Tiffin, Georgia.  
Mrs. Lucile Oakes Sparger, Mt. Airy, North Carolina.

Mrs. Charlotte Clopton deVany, Prince George, Virginia.

The State Regent of North Carolina requests the re-appointment of Mrs. Lucile Oakes Sparger, as Organizing Regent at Mt. Airy.

The State Regent of Oregon requests that Chapters be authorized at Ranier and Tillamook, Oregon.

The following authorization of Chapters have expired by time limitation:

Belle Fourche, Gregory, Lemmon, Miller and Mobridge, South Dakota.

The State Regent of New York reports the Enoch Crosby Chapter at Carmel, wishes to incorporate.

The following Chapters are presented for official disbandment:

Perry, Iowa.

Edmund Burrell Smith, Indianola, Mississippi.  
Major John Winston, Brentwood, Tennessee.

The Boxwood Hall Chapter at Temascal, California has met all requirements according to our National By-laws and is now presented for confirmation.

HAZEL F. SCHERMERHORN,  
*Organizing Secretary General, N. S. D. A. R.*

Mrs. Schermerhorn moved the confirmation of two organizing regents; the authorization of two chapters; the disbandment of three chapters; and the confirmation of one chapter. Seconded by Mrs. Stapp. Carried.

The President General spoke of the passing of Mrs. Shinnars, State Regent of North Dakota. Mrs. Herrin moved that a letter be sent to the family of Mrs. Shinnars expressing the love and sympathy of the National Board of Management. Seconded by Mrs. Steele. Carried.

The meeting adjourned at 12:20 p. m.

JULIA D. HEAUME,  
*Recording Secretary General, N. S. D. A. R.*



# THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

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1940-1941

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Memorial Continental Hall

## Corresponding Secretary General

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## National Board of Management—Continued

## State Regents and State Vice Regents for 1940-41

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Mrs. ROBERT THORNTON COMER, 844 S. 41st. St., Birmingham.

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Mrs. DONALD MACDONALD, Fairbanks.  
Mrs. JOHN ELTON YUCEL, Lock Box 291, Fairbanks.

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Mrs. STEWART COLLEY, Grantville.

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Mrs. THOMAS JONES DAVIS, Wailuku, Maui.

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Mrs. HENRY ASHCROFT, 1110 First Ave., Payette.

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Mrs. R. M. ARMSTRONG, 1517 Eye St., Auburn.

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Mrs. ALONZO HATHAWAY DUNHAM, 318 Grafton Ave., Dayton.

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## FRANCE

Mrs. TRYPHOSA DUNCAN BATES-BATCHELLER, 12 rue du Mont Valerien, St. Cloud.  
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BLUE RIDGE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL	Dr. George P. Mayo	Bris, Virginia
CARR CREEK COMMUNITY CENTER, INC.	Mr. W. T. Francis	Carr Creek, Kentucky
CROSSNORE SCHOOL	Dr. Mary Martin Sloop	Crossnore, North Carolina
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HINDMAN SETTLEMENT SCHOOL	Miss May Stone	Hindman, Kentucky
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